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MORE STYLE

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ARE YOU
READY FOR . . .

THE FOOD
OF
LUST?

plus

TEST DRIVE
THE NEW
AUDI QUATTRO!

VOL. 21 NO. 9

CONTENTS

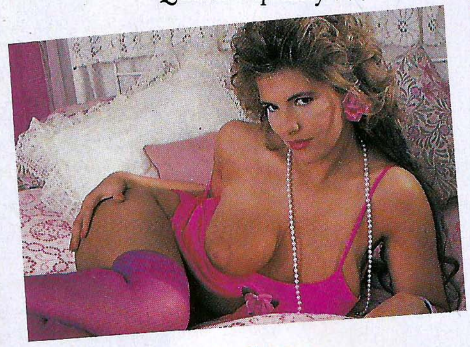
KNAVE

4
KNIGHT SIGHT
Sir Porkalot the Knave

7
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
Knave's sex doctor

8
SUZETTE
Photographed by Frank Lee

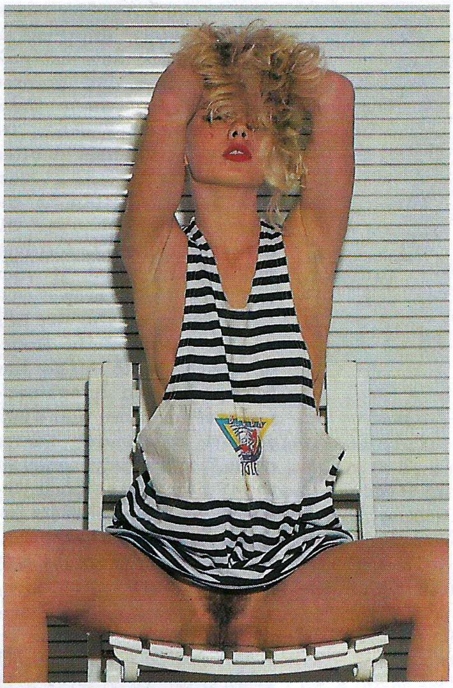
16
TEST DRIVE
Quattro quality . . .



23
ANGELICA
Photographed by John Graham

31
PENPOWER
Naughty letters!

37
EMMA
Photographed by Hans Larsson



44
THE FOOD OF LUST
Hungry for sex . . .

50
KATIE
Photographed by Austin Legrew

60
VIEWFINDER
The Knave amusement guide

67
THEOLA
Photographed by Nick Gurgul

74
THE MATCHSTICK MAN
Knave Fiction

84
BROOK & SERENA
Photographed by Glenn Morales

MARY
Amateur Model of the Month

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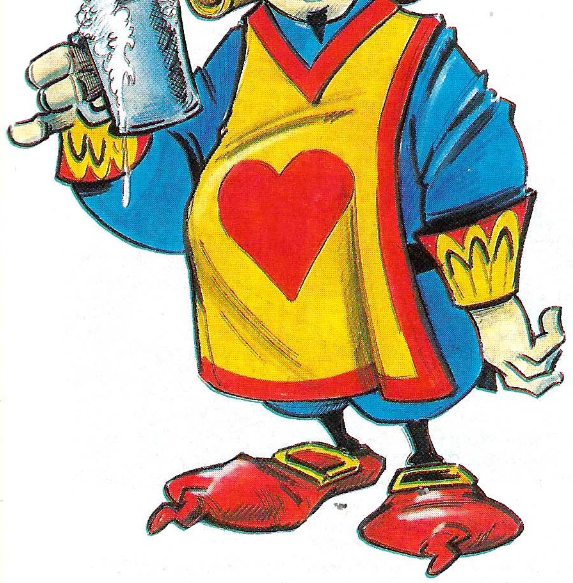
COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Knight Sight

Good Morrow, serfs! Welcome to Knight Sight, the bit where I have my say about the lusty young wenches you will shortly feast your eyes upon. Oh, pardon me, I haven't even introduced myself yet! My name is Sir Porkalot, cousin to the aptly named Sir Lancealot, knight in tarnished armour, drunken oaf, and a true Knave. All you loyal subjects out there need someone of incredible sexual prowess and embarrassingly large genitalia to lead you through this veritable forest of fanny and point out the best pieces of foliage . . . So I must take myself in hand, and pass my semi-Royal judgement on the luscious ladies. Bring on the women!



CAUSE AND EFFECT

Turn your attention, pray, to the doe-eyed blonde demoiselle in black lace gloves and kneeling on midnight blue satin. Yes, the one with what the Assistant Editor, Sir Neverhad, describes as an "unbearably biteable bottom." Strange man. I wonder if he was ever in the navy. Her name, I am reliably informed is Suzette. This may just possibly be true, but granted the way in which these mucky maids seem to change their names as often as their clothes (and at least five times as often as the *Fiesta* Editor changes his socks), you may be forgiven for thinking that it may well be a load of crêpe.

Her effect on the Art Editor, Sir Moose of the House of Bosch, is to make him "scrape himself up against a piece of furniture and make a sort of 'aaarrr aaarrr' noise." Strangely enough, the Editor does much the same after ten pints of Scrundles Old Throbber. I wonder if they are by any chance related?

ON THE JOB

This month's Amateur Model is Mary Dickson. She is blonde, sports a white lacy suspender-belt set-up, and is standing before the leather armchair which Sir Gutto, the Editor, once had a three-day affair with until he spontaneously sobered up and went home to his regular girl — a roll-top desk, so rumour has it. I just hope that Mary treated the armchair with caution, or even disinfectant.

"Tell us more of this delectable wench," I hear you cry. I'm afraid there is little to go on, except that she works for a do-it-yourself store. Naturally, the varlets on the Knave staff attempted to test Mary on her knowledge of screws, told her that their drills were in need of an extra bit on the side and what have you, but she was having none of it — sensible girl. I am afraid they just had to wait for the photographs to come back, and they have been sneaking off to the gentlemen's chambers with them and doing it themselves ever since.

THE SECRET GARDEN

My picture of Theola shows a disarranged damsel against a blue background, wrapping what appears to be a sheet around her midriff. The blurb accompanying it claims once again to be in, "the now legendary Galaxy garden." For legendary, you may safely read 'mythical'. The only horticultural sight in the vicinity of the Knave office is Sir Gutto of the House of Beer's window box, which boasts an impressive collection of carnivorous plants.

Sometimes he feeds them on insects, occasionally on Guinness and once, when exceptionally drunk, the varlet stuck his dick in one for a laugh. I have never seen a plant spit anything out so quickly.

Back in the blurbist's imaginary garden, "the presence of the photographer meant I couldn't show Theola my enormous cacti." Shrinking violet, more like.

BELGIUM 3
LUXEMBOURG 0

Mauve stockinged and pointing her posterior parts at the photographer is Angelica. By some devious mental act of jiggery-pokery, the sight of her has the Assistant Editor wittering on about a diminutive singer and so-called actress (or should that read 'actress and so-called singer'?) from one of Britain's antipodean penal colonies. According to the trivial questions machine at the Grievous Bodily Arms, her name is Kylie Minge, but this device is known for it's misprints.

Angelica is a Belgian national, working in insurance. So next time you are stuck for the names of five famous Belgians at a cocktail party (a twentieth century gathering which is much less fun than it sounds, I understand), and the opposition has rejected Hercule Poirot for being fictional, you can always drop Angelica's name into the conversation. If they don't think she is in the same class as René Magritte and Thierry Boutsen, that's their problem. Ask the scoundrels to name just *one famous* Luxembourger. Ha!

Knight Sight

WHAT KATIE DID . . .

Ever since the photographs of Katie came in, the *XS* team have all gone into terminal Alaskan oil tanker mode, which is to say quivering wrecks spilling unwelcome fluids all over the landscape. Is it the long black leather boots? Is it the studded belt and wristguard? I know not, although it must be said that their Editor has been giving his telephone some very strange looks over the last day or two.

The device of bent glass (or perspex, as the modern mob seem to call it) is not something we were familiar with in my day. Scant research suggests to me that it is one of those devices carried around by senile American Presidents who no longer have the capacity to remember long speeches. The words are visible only to the speaker, who can thus, and in all confidence, look at the General Assembly of the People's Republic of China straight in the eyes and declare vigorously "Ich bin ein Berliner". Very useful.

If you reckon that you have any funny press cuttings for my column, why not sendeth them in. We pay £20 sterling for every one published! Send them to: Knight Sight, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

I know that I am expected to give you a concise description of the wenches that I am writing about, but in the case of Brook and Serena there is a slight problem, namely how to differentiate between two sets of female pudenda, which is all that my photograph seems to contain. Just look for a picture with two women in it. If you cannot tell they are two women, I am afeared that you are beyond my help.

In an attempt to make himself useful, the Assistant Editor tells me that you can tell them apart because, "Brook is the blonde lady, and Serena the brunette." The merkin boggles. Apparently they are re-enacting *The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner* (or 'Rhyme', as the staff here prefer to spell it), so perhaps this is the bit where, "The naked hulk alongside came, and the twain were casting dice," though it could as easily be, "Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea," for all I ken. Either whichway, does this make them a pair of thespians?

BARBIE DOLL

I fear I cannot offer you a description of Emma. Not that I am unwilling, I plight thee, just unable. Perchance the self-styled 'art department' can sketch in an arrow to lead your weary orbs in the right direction. I do have before me a photographical image bearing the legend 'Emma' on its frame, but it resembles nothing more closely than a grey cat in a fag-ash factory, or possibly the BBC board of directors.

"Ah, yes," says the befuddled Assistant Editor, bismottered squire of the House of Jimmy, "do not worry about that one — that was taken outside during the barbie." This, I understand, is an event held during the summer droughts in order to make it rain in volumes which reduces the available light to levels below the capacity of whatever film you happen to have loaded.

Whatever picture you see here, therefore, is taken indoors with the blinds lowered, "to stop a drenched Sir Gutto from peering in through the windows." Knowing the Editor as I do, I expect that is a misprint for 'peeing'.

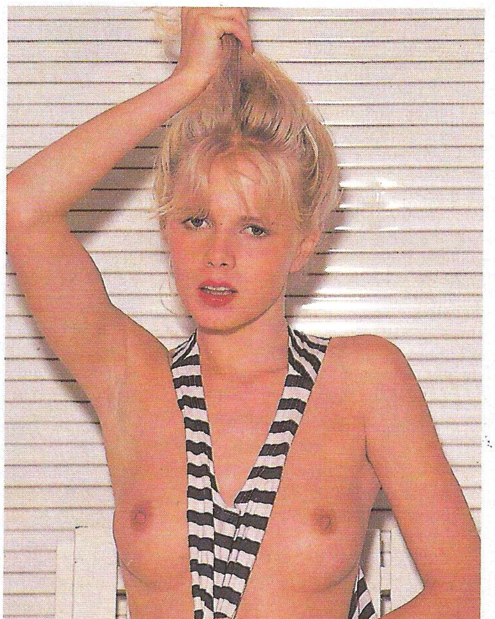
LOOK AND LEARN

"What were your schooldays like?" the Knavish oiks asked me the other day. Schooldays – oh woeful memory. Education in the duPorc household was far from the most thrilling of experiences, I may assure you. We were expected to study under a tutor eminently incapable of any activity more cerebral than peeling parsnips, in a dingy room with the plaster dropping off the walls, sharing one book between the lot of us (*Eglentine Lives With Gawain And Bedevere*, I think it was – subsequently banned under Danelaw 28), and most of us emerging as young delinquents. Not so dissimilar from 1989, you may surmise.

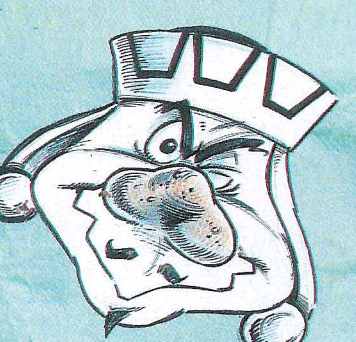
What British education has never happily tolerated, however, is cheating – unless you reckon royal children getting into Oxbridge with minimal qualifications as such. That was only true in my day, of course. Hem hem.

I raise the subject because of my astonishment at a press clipping from last Spring reporting riots by students in Bangladesh protesting about attempts to clamp down on examination hall cribbing. "We seek the right to copy," the revolting youngsters had chanted during 1988's secondary school examinations; this year they chased teachers, tore up examination papers and attacked police with rocks, knives and even home-made bombs! Tear-gas and truncheons came into play in various towns, and in the heaviest trouble-spot the constabulary even opened fire.

A straw poll conducted in the Knave office revealed mixed feelings on the subject. Our video reviewer recalled lending an essay to a schoolchum during his mock A-levels and being astonished that while he received a C-plus for his efforts, the chap who copied his work was awarded an A-minus. The *Fiesta* Editor was, on the other hand, marginally in favour of legalising cheating. For some reason he imagined it might have saved him failing his woodwork CSE some years ago. Er . . .



WHAT'S Your Problem?



We want you to air yours. Problems, that is. At absolutely no expense, we've hired one the the best Agony Aunts in the business, BETTE NOIRE. So, if your penis is developing a strange fungi unkown to horticulture, and your labia hang down to your ankles, then you're a very well hung man with a vagina, and obviously need the help of our problem lady. But please, genuine problems only, to: What's Your Problem?, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Q: I'm just curious, Bette, how many sperm do you think there are in an average man's ejaculation? — T.R., Rotherham.

A: Last count? Very varied. Between 75 and 800 million! I'm dying to know who counts! Can you imagine telling your lover what you do for a living?

Q: My girlfriend has been insisting that I quit smoking. I know all the usual medical reasons, but she's added one, saying that smoking can actually inhibit erections! Is this really true? I'm getting nervous, especially since I'm up to two packets a day. — S.G., West Hampstead.

A: Yup. Hard, as they say, to believe. No . . . er . . . firm data on how many cigarettes and how many years, and obviously people vary, but the fact remains; heavy smoking constricts the blood vessels, so penile blood flow isn't quite sufficient in order to create a good hard on. You could be well up on two packs but down in other areas if you keep on smoking. In the long run, heavy smoking can bring on — or help induce — hardening of the arteries, which can have a permanent effect on potency. So much for the data. Personally, I'd rather have my sizzle through sex, not a smoke, but you've got to weigh things out on your own. Sounds like you've got a good lady there to help you, though.

Q: I know you'll laugh, but this problem is really getting to me. I've measured myself, and found I'm about 5 inches when erect. I understand that the average penis is 6 inches when hard. I'm afraid that women will think my penis is too small! — J.K., Glamorgan.

A: The only thing small about you, lamb, is your self-esteem — and perhaps your brain! I can't stop you guys from getting worried by statistics, but believe me, you've got nothing to be afraid of because you're *well* inside the range of good and "average"! The average you're referring to takes in a LOT of men who measure out a little one way, a little in the middle and a little the other way. Geddit? Erection's a great leveller . . . relax. Nobody's going to laugh. If anybody does, she's got a bigger hang-up than you — and has seen too many porn videos where men are chosen for their abnormal number of inches!

Q: I am writing to you because I know my husband reads your magazine regularly. He's been talking about getting circumcised lately, which surprised me. He said he heard that it prevents premature ejaculation for some men and it makes sex feel better. Our sex life together is pretty good as it is, and I don't know if all this is true! Is it? — M.N., Staines.

A: And the award for best myth-spreader goes to . . . believe me, if I knew who it was, well, let's put it this way: may all his condoms be lubricated with Super-Glue. If circumcision cured premejac, it would have made headlines, and a lot of sexperts like me wouldn't be here today, nor would a lot of books be written. The only way it could conceivably make his/your sex life better is if *not* being circumcised led to medical difficulties, which is pretty damn rare. Doesn't sound like you've got problems, anyway. So unless he has an infection or inflammation under his foreskin, there's just no reason to do it! Find out who told him this rubbish and suggest he gets his *head* circumcised.

Q: Any tips on how to bring a woman off by masturbating her? — C.L., Lancashire.

A: Lots. But for reasons of space, I'll keep it short and sweet — a time limit not, by the way, recommended for your lady friend. First of all, don't make coming the only goal — enjoy the *getting* there. No records are being set, here. (And tenderness, plus attention, separates the men from the boys.) The point is to do what she wants, not what you think she wants. You need feedback for this; let her guide you as to where, how hard or soft, when, hands or mouth (or whatever), what kinds of movements, speed — it sounds like you're getting a Braille instruction guide, but just listen to her — from words to moans! No complaints about a sore jaw, either! Then experiment, with water, feathers, vibrators, you name it! Then come on over to my place next Wednesday for the next lesson . . .

Q: I always thought that a woman's nipples were very sensitive. But the last girl I had sex with wanted me to really treat them roughly. She wanted me to suck on them really hard, and to twist and bite them. I did — with misgivings, at first — and she said she got really excited by this! Is this unusual? — O.S., Finland.

A: A bit — maybe there's some masochistic streak in there, and maybe she just doesn't have sensitive nipples, but a higher-than-average pain threshold! If she starts bleeding, however, I'd remind her that she could be asking for real damage. But so far it sounds like she knows what she wants, and you're obviously doing that, so breast be on your way and enjoy . . .

Suzette

I still don't know what it is, but blondes do something rather strange to the Art Editor. He scrapes himself up against pieces of furniture, and makes a sort of "Aaarrr, aaarrr," noise. Studying Suzette's curvaceous form, I begin to understand. I am drawn to comment on her perfect breasts, or the way the light gently caresses her unbearably biteable bottom. But most of all, I'm drawn to my couch for a quick lie down. I can feel one of my turns coming on. This job does terrible things to you, you know.

Photographed by Frank Lee

Teutonic Teeth!

Scientists in Germany have crossed a racehorse with a Black Widow Spider. They are not sure what it is they've come up with, but when it bites you, you can ride it to hospital. Audi's Coupé Quattro has quite a bite, too. CRISPIN (you can trust me, I'm a doctor) PARTRIDGE finds out for himself . . .

If you are a typical reader of this magazine, more interested in what Bill from Glasgow did with the effluvium of his nether regions than the latest creations to sire from the imagination of the World's greatest car builders, you can save yourself a lot of frustration by skipping over the next six pages and gazing instead on the very flower of femalekind who follow this brief autoseductive diversion.

If, on the other hand, you have so much as a passing interest in matters automotive or simply want to give your lust-buds a rest, you could do a lot worse than stick around while we check out the latest in a long line of four-wheel-drive Audi barnstormers, the curvy Coupé Quattro.

It's an interesting car, the Coupé. Presented here in striking, all-black form, it is pitched against the likes of Mitsubishi's Starion, Mazda's RX7 and the Toyota triumvirate of MR2, Celica and Supra. This makes it important as much for what it represents as for what it does when you open it up on

the Queen's highway.

Audi's stocky machine is the seond German contender in less than a year to challenge the Easterners' domination of the two-door rocket ranks. First into the fray was the Volkswagen Corrado, the subject of a previous Knave supertest, and recipient of a fairly enthusiastic thumbs-up from all who have driven it, including yours truly, Cris P.

More recently, it was the turn of half-brother Audi to step into the limelight. Its contribution: a stubby little sports-biased motor aimed at buyers of an executive persuasion and decked out with more technical wizardry than a Merlin the Magician gig.

Based on the commercially successful four-door 80/90 series, the compact Coupé has a lot resting on its zinc galvanised steel shoulders. Not the least of its tasks is to live up to the reputation of its predecessor, the first generation Audi two-door. Aggressive and uncompromising, this was the car which hordes of aspiring armchair rally drivers adopted as a kind of stepping off point en route to dreams of owning a full-house turbo Quattro. It went on to sell more than 169,000 cars before management decided that it was time for something new.

The old car, which was offered in optional four-wheel-drive format in 1983, was itself in a strong tradition of German sportsters harking back to the days of Horsch. Horsch was one of three companies which joined with Audi in the 1930s to form the Auto Union conglommerate (the symbol of the combined enterprise, the familiar 'Audi' four-ring emblem, has endured until the present day).

A sporting heritage is one thing, sporting looks another, and not everyone has been excited by the bulbous looks of the new car. To some it is too bland. Others have slammed it as just plain ugly. On balance, the rounded flanks and low roofline are just about in keeping with the strong-but-not-too-brutal image Audi are going for, though the lines are not an obvious crowd-pleaser. In effect, they take the high waisted profile of VW's Corrado to its logical, broad-shouldered conclusion.

Remember, also, that the chunky lines of the original Coupé were not exactly greeted as heralding a styling revolution when the old car kicked off in 1980. Nearly a decade on, the design can now be seen as some kind of minor classic, economic of line and executed in such a way as is perfectly in keeping with its sporty intentions. Who is to say that the new Coupé will not 'mature' in much the same way?

Certainly the car is free of much of the fussy detail which ruins many of its Japanese rivals. Audi's 136 bhp sportster gets it about right, though the heavy overstyling of the hind-quarters does bring the German maker perilously close to encroaching on Toyota Supra waters. Murky waters at that. We'd have settled for less emphasis on the light clusters and an absence of white 'style' lines on the lenses.

In practical terms, the new car is wider, longer and lower than its predecessor, though mechanicaly the suspension can trace its history back to the previous 80 and 90 models. In effect, it's a modified version of the running gear found in Audi's current mid-range saloons.

Three versions are available, including a junior edition front-drive model. Fate decreed that the subject of our Knave testette was the middle-of-the-range 10-valve Coupé Quattro and not the rootin' tootin' 20-valver the Milton Keynes importer has now introduced as the top dog in the 80/90 range. As if we care. Take it from me, the two-valves-per-pot hot-shot wot we got does everything the 2.3 litre version can (except, that is, drink unleaded fuel, accelerate from 0-60 mph in just over 8 secs and top 137 mph with the power pedal nailed down). What's more, it does it with significantly better fuel economy and a hefty saving at the Audi shop.

Of course, if you've just done a bank or there's an outside chance of your rich Aunt making the big slide 'below stairs' in the not-too-distant-future, you won't be too bothered about trifling matters like cash (if you do have tea chests full of five pound notes lying around your house, you might even consider hanging on for the rumoured 20-valve Turbo version). Otherwise, for those of more humble means, the 10-valve variant is a fairly happy compromise.

"THE AUDI IS MORE ABOUT REFINEMENT THAN RED-BLOODED DRIVING EXCITEMENT."

We say fairly, because the streamlined Coupé isn't quite the sporting powerhouse those squat, chubby looks might suggest. Driven by the ubiquitous 2.2 litre in-line Audi five and sprung by MacPherson struts with bottom wishbones and anti-roll bars front and rear, the close-ratio gearboxed Audi looks good enough on paper and does a lot of things well, but it still doesn't have the edge of a true sportster.

The car is something of a paradox. It can move well enough — from 0-60 mph in ten-or-so seconds and hence on to a top speed of over 125 mph — and roadholding is certainly up to the marque, but somehow that isn't enough. For one thing, it sounds nothing like a sports car. The Audi is more about refinement than it is about red-blooded driving excitement. And the chassis, although a lot stiffer than the 80/90 from which it was derived, still doesn't have the tautness you'd expect of a genuine enthusiast's machine. The Coupé may feature re-rated springs, re-worked dampers and a 15mm lower ride height than the 90 four-door, but the

result still comes across as undersprung and underdamped. Push hard and there's more body roll than a Fat Boys concert. It is all too soft, too indecisive to warrant the tag 'sporting thoroughbred'.

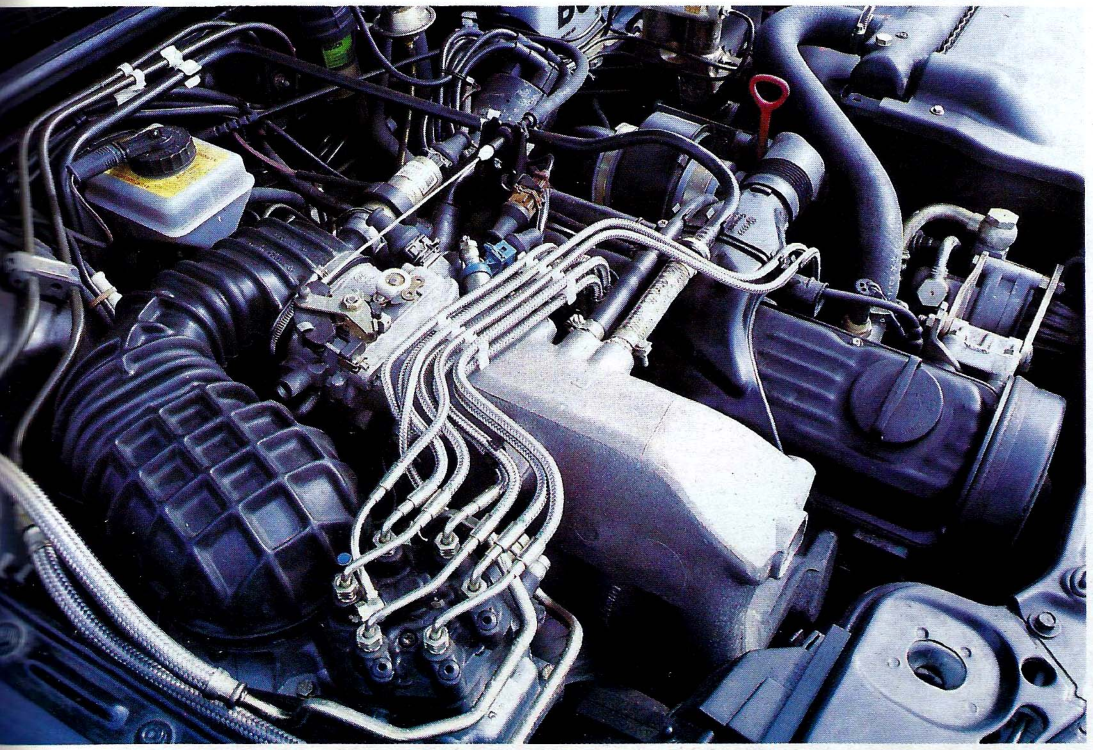
Ironically, with a bit more grunt beneath the bonnet lid and a little more self-control from the suspension department, the '90 fastback' could still make it as a genuine Celica/RX/Prelude basher. For the moment, Audi's new baby is what the birth certificate suggests it will be: a two-door skit on a modern, competent saloon.

Redeeming features are generally those which distinguish the Audi saloon range. The Coupé is built by people who know how to build cars, looks modern and is a solid as they come. Grip, too, is excellent, thanks to the Pirelli P600s on 15 inch alloys. And the machine is generally as refined as you'd like, though wind noise builds noticeably from around the A-pillar at about 60 mph.

Then there's the matter of a little feature called 'four-wheel-drive.' Unlike the common-or-garden front-drive version of the Coupé, top models get the full work out with the German outfit's second generation Quattro bash. After all these years, it's still a sure-fire promise of Grade A mobility and enhanced safety in all conditions. The Audi set-up, with its TORque SENsing centre diff splitting torque 50/50 to front and rear axle in normal day-to-day driving and 75/25 in favour of either front or rear wheels when the going gets tough, has become the yardstick by which others of this faction judge their own traction action. Need we say more?

Add to this a switchable anti-lock system marshalling the all-round disc brakes, an electronic rear diff lock for increased grip when motoring on molten slime and reasonably positive power steering and the hi-tech appeal of the Coupé comes sharply into focus. This car bristles with about as much technological innovation as you'll find anywhere. Compared to Audi's state-of-the-art offering, most sporting coupe's are about as sophisticated as a milk float.

Photographs by Andy Morgan



It's the same inside. you can tell Audi know a thing or two about designing car interiors the moment you slip behind the wheel of the Coupé Quattro. There's a satisfying integrity about the Audi cockpit. None of the features look out of place. The dashboard has more curves than a Miss World contest and flows logically into the line of the main door panels. And there's a complete absence of the naff touches you find in some Jap cars. In particular, the materials used — tasteful grey upholstery and sober, textured plastics — are a pleasure to rub body bits with.

This, together with the soft touch dash and clear instruments, really help to get across the fact that this is an up-market car. It may be expensive — but at least it looks it. As a final hint of luxury, there's more wood in the Audi cockpit than there is in Pinocchio's jock strap.

If there are points to be deducted, prime defaulters would have to be the touch-too-flimsy switchgear and the trio of auxiliary gauges tucked away at the foot of the centre console. Clever, that. Kind of makes it difficult to run an impromptu systems scan when motoring at speed.

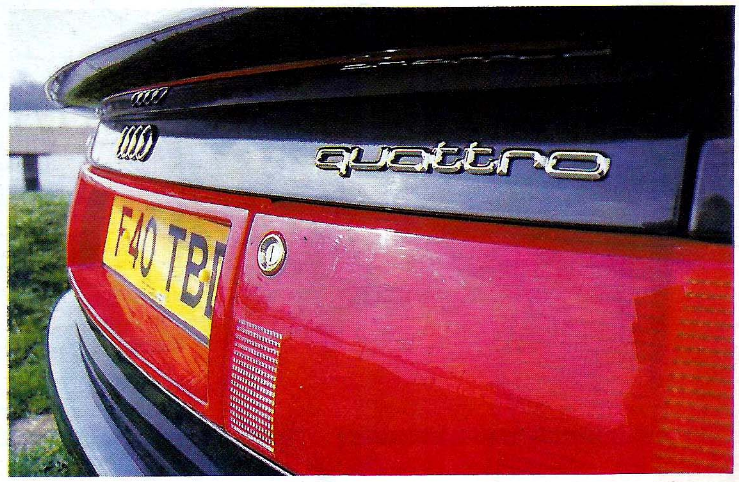
The other feature ripe for a gripe is the poor headroom. Inexcusable, this, and doubly disappointing in that it was one area where the Germans really should have been able to stick it to the diminutive Japanese. As it is, the average Celica or Supra has hardly any less cranial clearance.

Otherwise, the 2+2 proportions mean there is plenty of room in the cockpit for the front passenger to take a cat-nap, though out-back there is barely enough room to swing a can of Whiskas. A genuine five-seater? How big are your friends?

You could always stick 'em in the boot. The luggage bay, fairly large by sporting Coupé standards, has a quoted capacity of 300 litres without the back seats folded. That's 25 cases of Duty Free Gordons if you're daft enough to pour the contents into the sill-happy rear. We'd settle for a couple of middling suitcases or one of those big squashy bags they give away free with expensive brands of perfume in department stores.

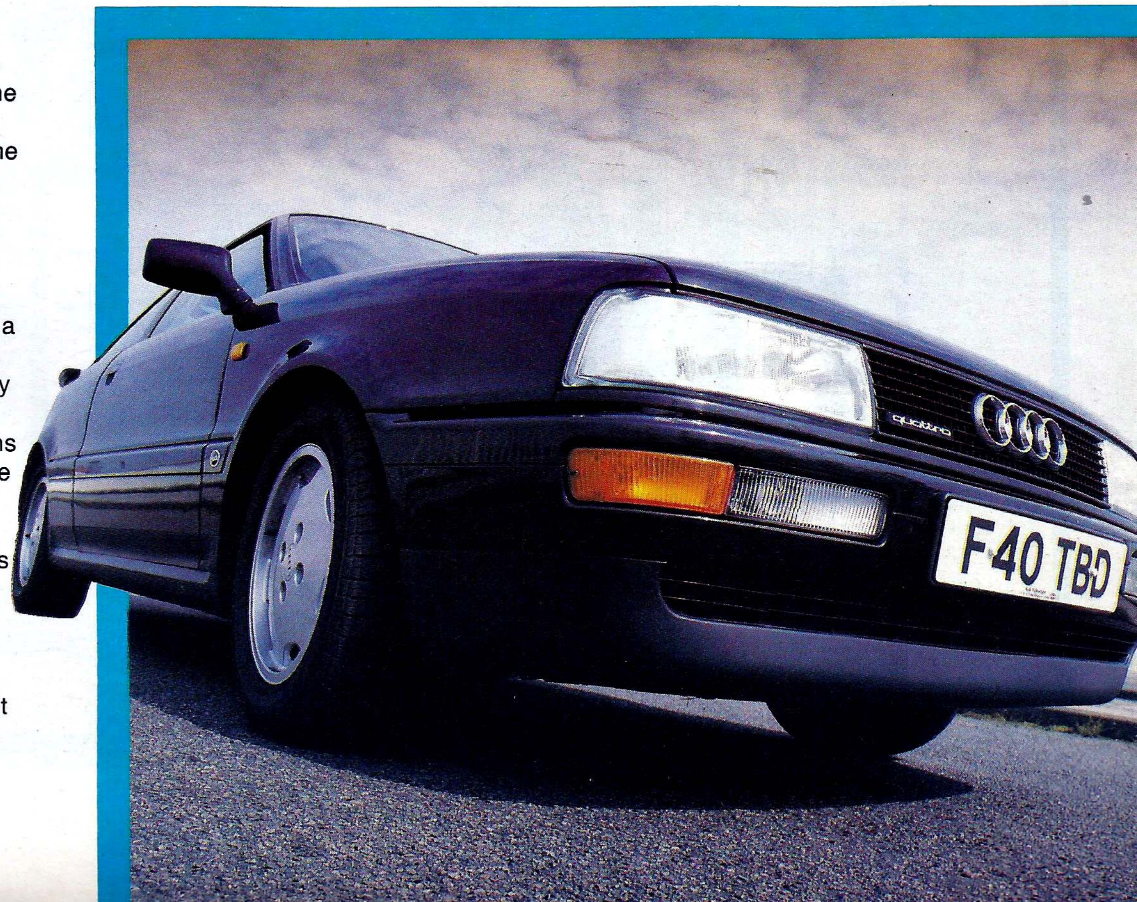
Continuing the high-tech theme, there are bags of driver-friendly electro techno bits, too. Central locking, electric windows and remote control heated mirrors are all part of the deal. Even the stereo is mega sophist. The optional £425 Blaupunkt Montreux RDR 49 radio-cassette fitted to our car had a 5×5 station memory plus something called RDS or Radio Data Systems. This displays the name of the radio station being picked up and will provide information on matters like traffic jams once the RDS system is fully operational.

All in all, it's a pretty comprehensive goodie haul for your price of admission. Remember, though, that if you add the £900 or so needed to equip your car with the optional sunroof fitted to the Knave testmobile and another £400 for the non-standard Procon -Ten safety steering column, you'll be left with little more than the price of a cup of tea out of £24,000 (after delivery and number plates).

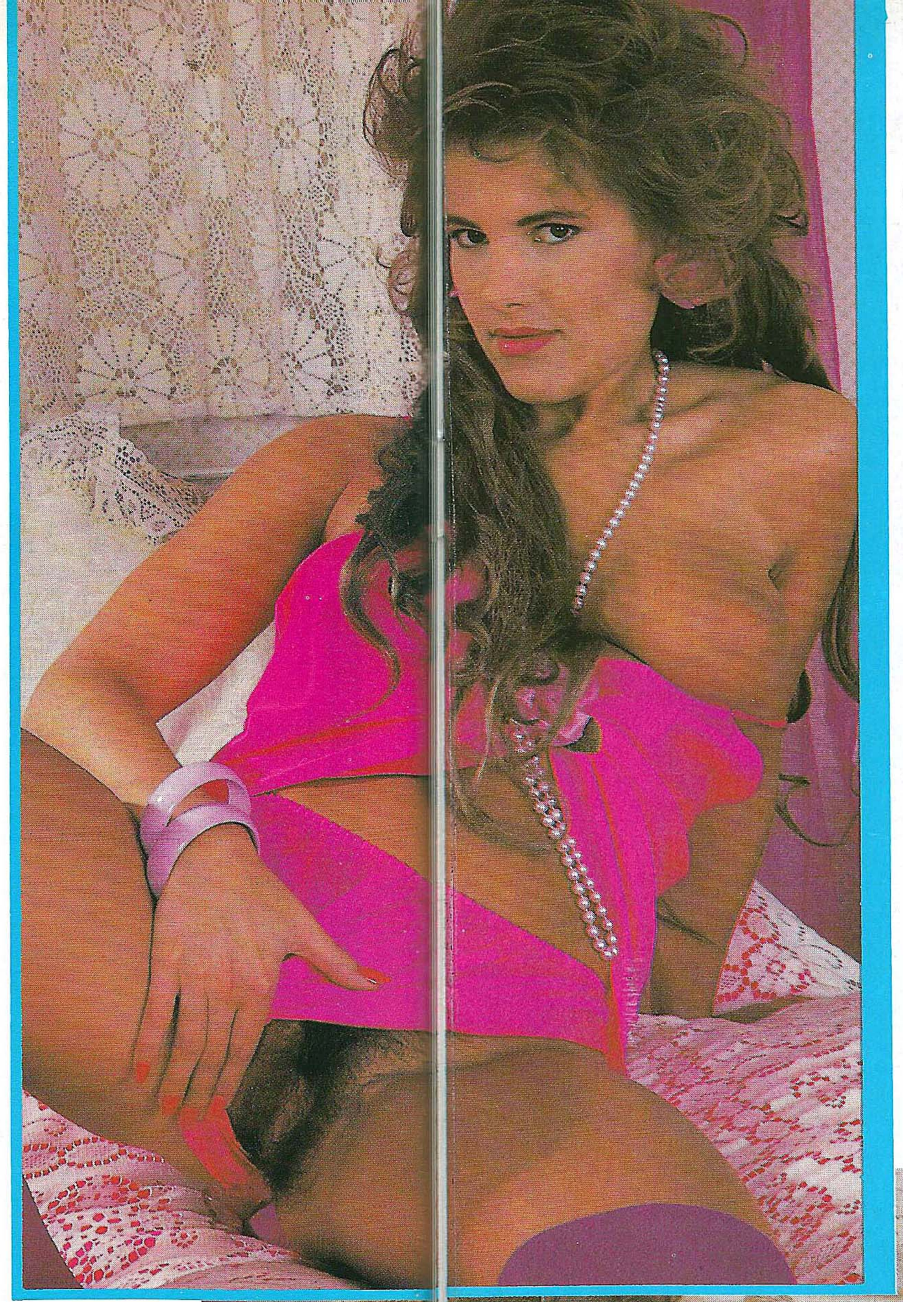


That's a lot of money for what is in many ways a rather middle-aged machine. Our guess is that it will not do owners' souls much good to know that VW-Audi's own Corrado can do much the same work with a good deal more sporting brio and with a saving of around £5,000 to boot.

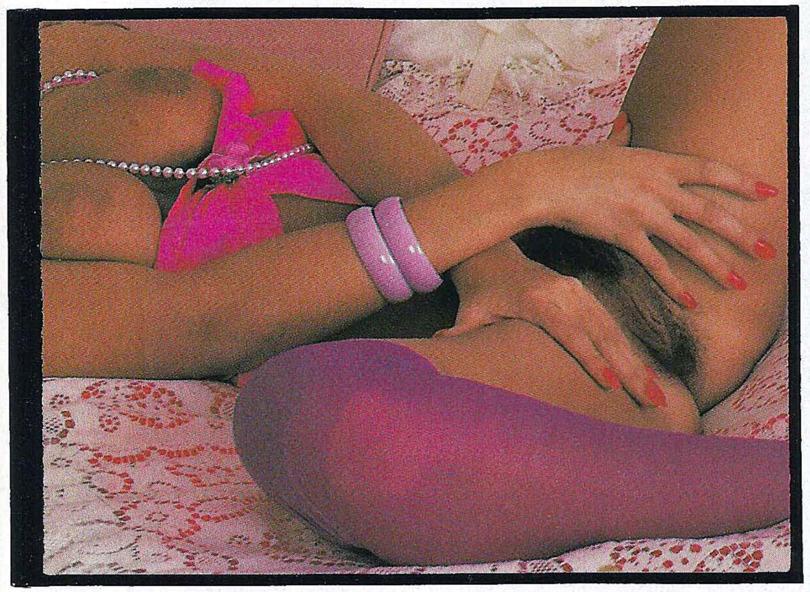
In the final analysis, what does it matter that Audi's refined two-door machine is no more a sports car proper than Biffo the Bear is an animal rights campaigner? We're not about to start knocking one European manufacturer's attempt to stick in among the sportster crowd, especially when so many lily-livered rivals have long since given up the sporting ghost in favour of Eurobland saloons and other soporific conveyer jobs. An older person's plaything? Perhaps. But that won't stop it selling. You want raw aggression and a deep, growling sound? Buy a Rottweiler.

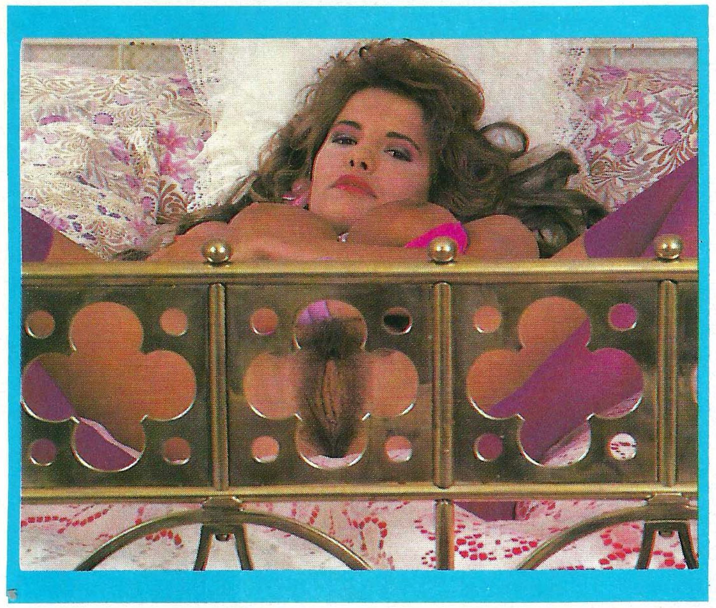


angelica

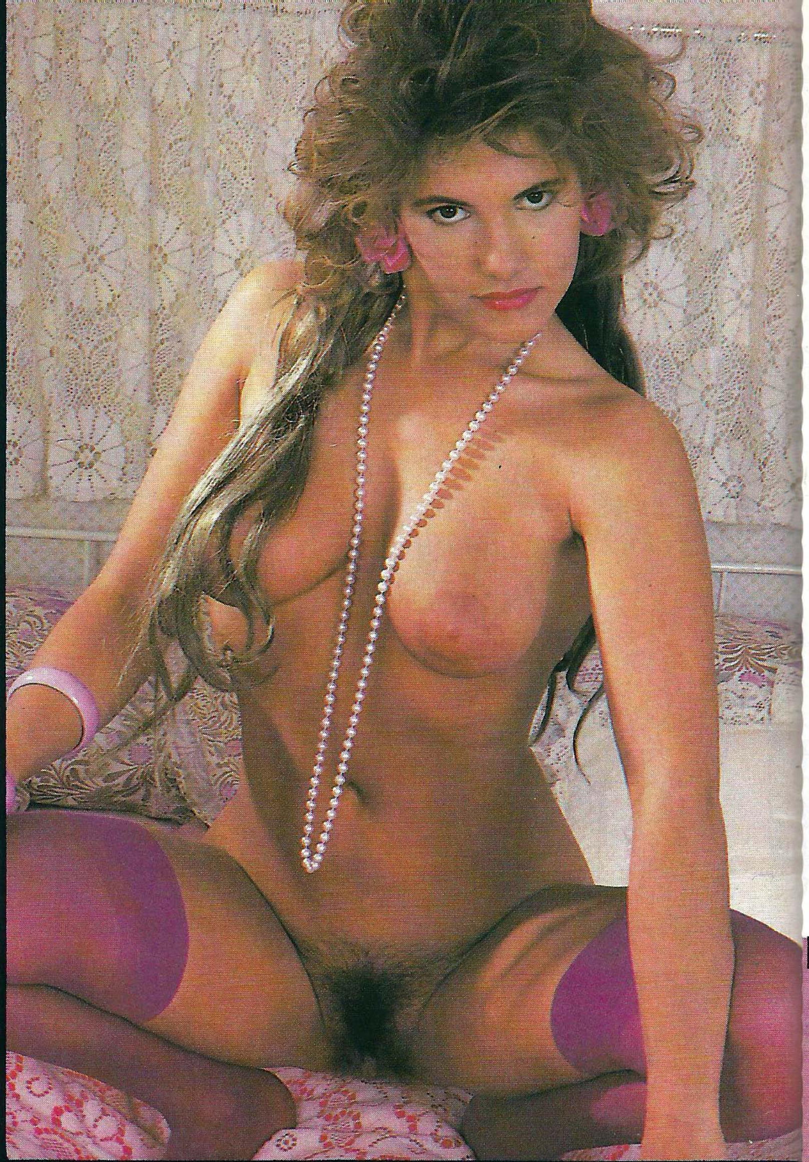


Blues songs usually begin with, "I woke up this mornin'," but can you imagine waking up next to Angelica? It brings to mind a song by Kylie Minogue – "I Should Be So Lucky"! But small Australians aside, Angel, as she calls herself, comes from Belgium, where she works as a loss adjuster for an insurance firm. I was shocked when she told me she wouldn't perch on my desk, as it was only insured third party! It took a lot of persuading, and a quick flash of my policy, before she changed her mind!



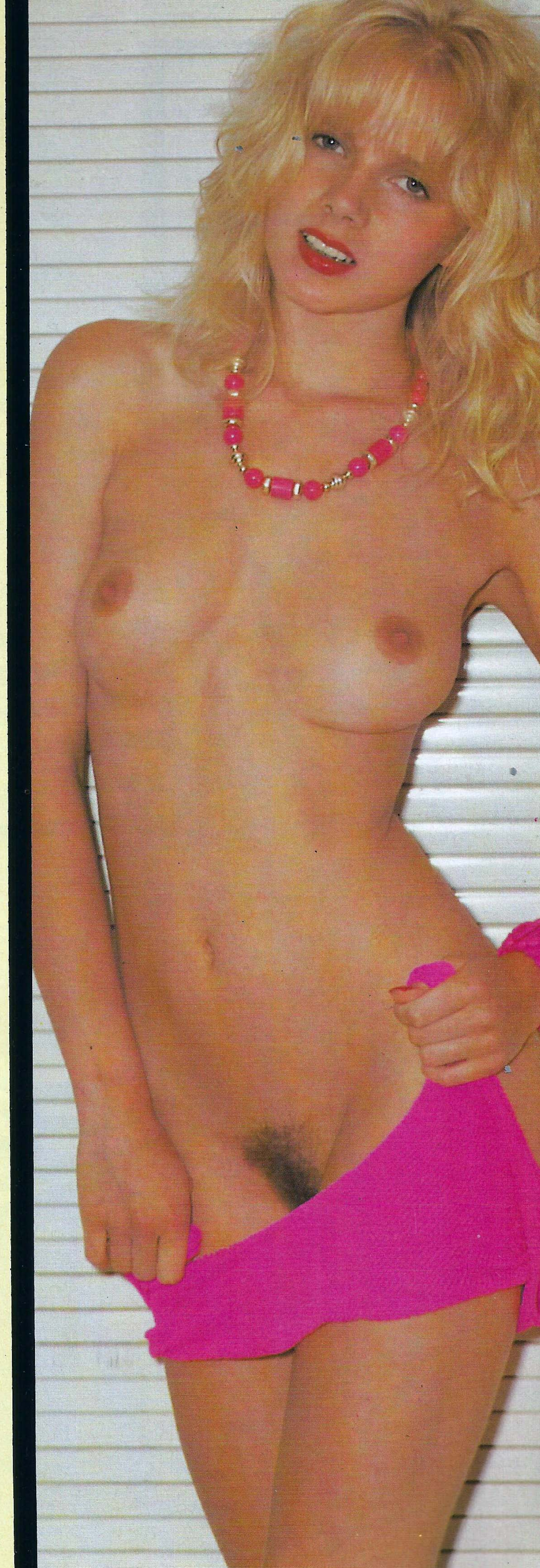


Photographed by John Graham



EMMA

This set was supposed to have been taken on location at the annual Gutto Hall Galaxy barbecue. Unfortunately, it started pissing with rain, so everyone had to step indoors with their soggy hamburgers. It didn't matter too much though, because Emma decided to give us a strip show to relish instead. Mind you, we had to lower the blinds halfway through to stop a drenched Sir Gutto, the Editor, from peering in through the windows!

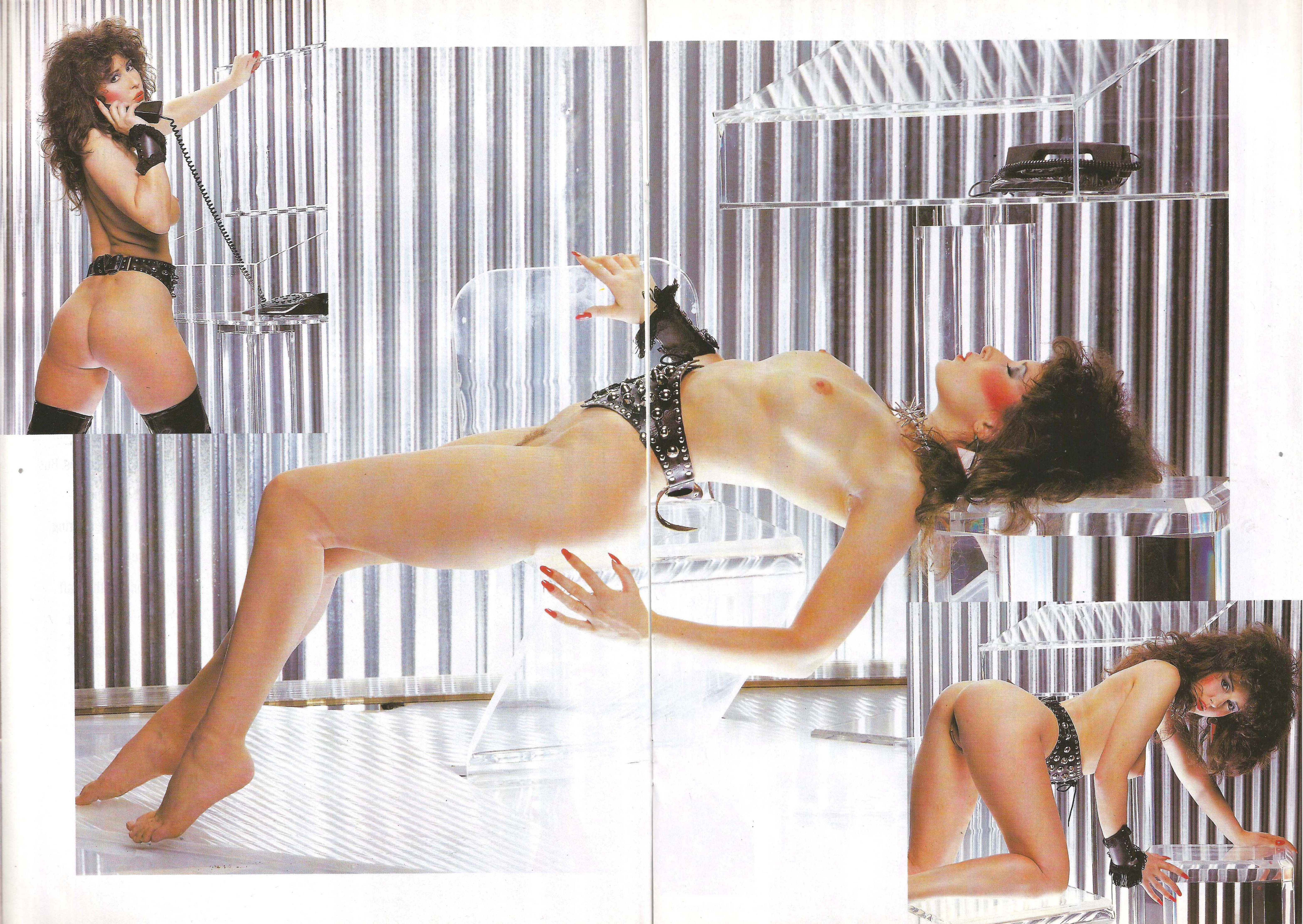


BERMUDA
TRIANGLE

Photographed by Hans Larsson

katie

Now here's an old favourite. Many of you will have fond memories of Katie from Vol. 20 No. 12, and previous appearances. Well, she's back, looking sexier than ever in her leather gear. It's all a far cry from the primary school where Katie was a student teacher many years ago, to the Knave studios. But Katie took it all in her leather-clad stride, offering to cane anyone who was naughty. Some of the staff here can barely sit down. Still, serves 'em right for being too cheeky . . .



Photographed by Austin Legrew

katie

KNAVE

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

LITTLE BILLY was a dreadful gambler, and his teacher, Miss Funny-Fanny had tried everything to make him stop. One day in class, she caught him making wagers with his friends. "Billy, you stay after school," she said.

After the bell had gone, and his classmates had all left, Miss Funny-Fanny scolded Billy. "How do you expect me to respect you," yelled Billy, "when you've got this blonde hair, but you're pussy is black. I know 'cos I've seen it!" Grasping her opportunity to prove Billy wrong once and for all, Miss Funny-Fanny says, "How much do you bet?" Billy immediately bets a fiver.

Quickly dropping her skirt, Miss Funny-Fanny pulls down her panties to reveal her rich, blonde pubes. Disconsolate, Billy hands over five pounds. After he leaves, Miss Funny-Fanny phones Billy's Dad. "I think we've cured him," she says. "I wouldn't be too sure," says Billy's father. "This morning he bet me a tenner he would see your cunt before the end of the day."

• • •

A FARM labourer was down in the bottom meadow, when he carelessly cut his thumb on the mowing machine. It bled badly, and there was no first aid box.

"There's only one remedy for that there," said the sage old farmer. "Ye must go and put ee thumb in a virgin's bottom, an' that'll stop the bleedin' right away."

The labourer asked where he could find such, and the farmer told him a new dairymaid had started that day, so the labourer popped up to the farmhouse to see her. The door was answered by the farmer's lusty, 20 year old daughter, who told him the dairymaid was busy, but that she would be glad to help. And dropping her knickers, she bent down.

After a few moments, she cried out, "Hey, that baint my bottom!"

"Baint be my thumb noither!" laughed the labourer.

A YOUNG MAN got a job at a general store on a YTS scheme. A man came in and asked for a packet of sanitory towels, and, much to the shop owner's amazement, evenutally left with a £300 lawnmower. "How the hell did you manage that?" asked his boss.

"Easy," said the young man, "I told him his weekend was knackered, so he might as well mow the lawn!"

• • •

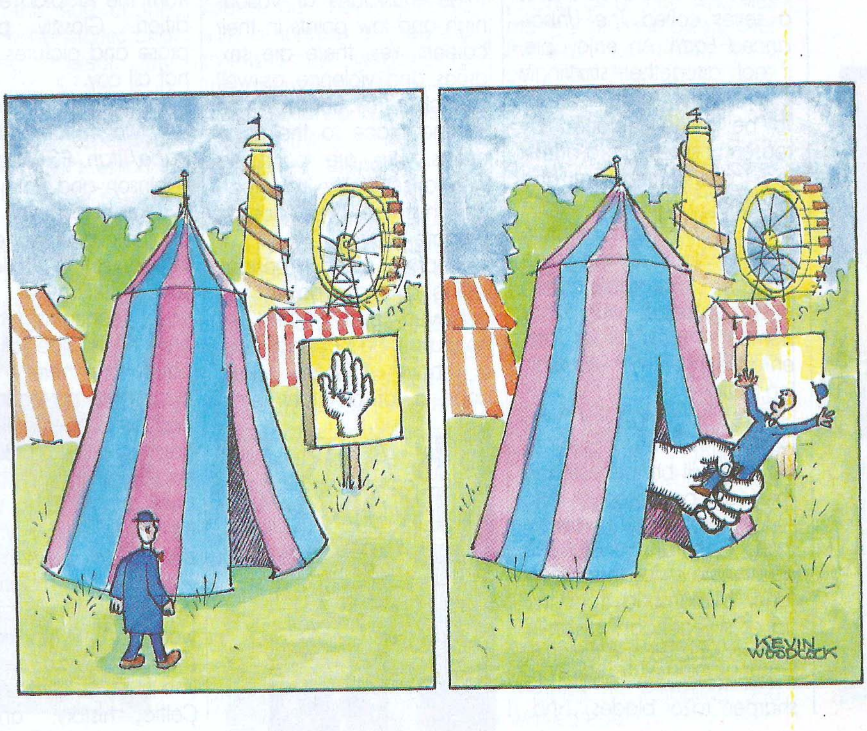
A PROMISCUOUS young couple were going at each other furiously in the back of his car. Temperatures were rising, and things were getting pretty intense, not to mention sweaty. Finally the girl broke free and gasped, "Oh darling, kiss me where it smells!" So her boyfriend drove her to Birmingham.

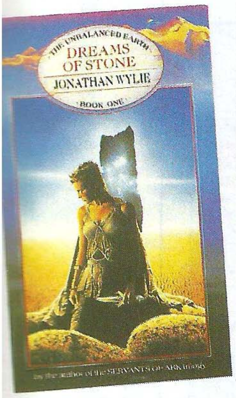
AN OLD MAN refused to pay his restaurant bill after finding a hair in his rice pudding. The waiter insisted that he pay the bill, but the customer ran out of the restaurant. The waiter, angered, chased after him, not catching up until the old man entered a brothel.

The waiter explained to the madame that he had to talk to his wayward customer, and tipped her a few pounds. The madame relented, and pointed to a door.

The waiter rushed into the indicated room to find the old man eating out one of the girls. The waiter said, "For a hair in your rice pudding, you won't pay your bill, but you'll come here and eat her?"

"That's right," said the old man, "and if I find any rice pudding in her I'm not paying her either!"

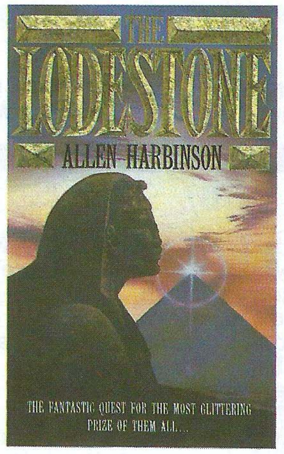




Books

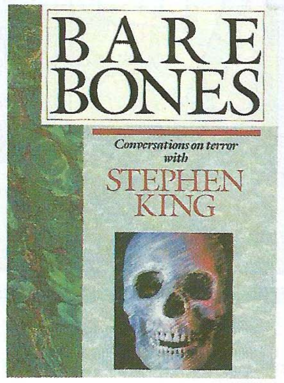
Jonathan Wylie is a newish author who's on to his second trilogy. **Dreams Of Stone** *(Corgi, £2.99)* is book one of a series called *The Unbalanced Earth*. An enjoyable, if not altogether startlingly original plot (magic seems to be being replaced by reason, heroes go a-questing for enlightenment and personal fulfilment while being caring and altruistic people), coupled with some uneven characterization and seasoned with light humour, makes for an entertaining, if not stimulating, read.

Those among you who like your fantasy novels to be long will be interested in the 600 page opus from Allen Harbinson **The Lodestone** *(Sphere, £3.99)*. The quest here is for the Lodestone, a diamond from the tip of a legendary pyramid with cosmic properties (i.e. more than the ability to sharpen razor blades). Finding the Lodestone will unfold the mysteries of the universe, but it can also be put to nefarious ends. In a rousing adventure yarn, goodies Jerry and Ingrid, with baddy Zweig (Ingrid's evil dad) in hot pursuit, set off on exotic travels and emotional journeys in search of their various goals. The writing is clear, no-nonsense stuff – honest entertainment.

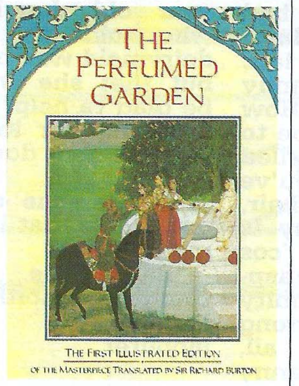

THE LODESTONE
ALLEN HARBINSON
THE FANTASTIC QUEST FOR THE MOST GLITTERING PRIZE OF THEM ALL...

Millions have bought Jackie Collins novels and millions more have read them since the publication of *The World Is Full Of Married Men*. Strangely, none of my colleagues and acquaintances will own up to having read any. So, now I've got to come out of the closet and admit to having both read and enjoyed **Rock Star** *(Pan, £3.99)*. It's a well plotted story charting the obvious and not so obvious interweaving of three musicians at various high and low points in their careers. Yes, there are sex, drugs and violence as well as rock 'n' roll. But they take second place to the characters who are portrayed with a sensitivity and realism that the hype doesn't prepare you for.

Stephen King, besides selling all those books, has achieved that highest of honours – he's appeared in a Knave interview. He's done a lot of other interviews too. A collection of them can be found in **Bare Bones**, edited by Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller *(NEL, £10.95)*. Oddly enough, the Knave interview isn't included. But seeing as King gives good interview (nice American phrase that), it doesn't really matter too much. This book makes wonderful reading as you relax in an evening bath. After you've had your bath and gone to bed, take a good strong dose of **Night Fears** *(Headline, £5.99)*, – three short stories worthy of bad dream material from Dean R Koontz, Edward Bryant and Robert R McCammon – a good night's sleep is not guaranteed!

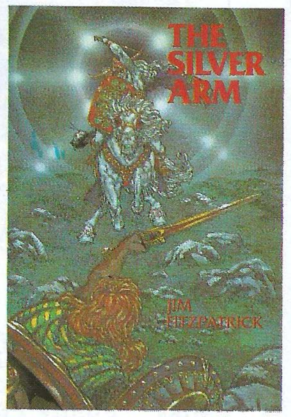


Words and pictures in three instalments this month. For the sexual athletes and aesthetes there's the illustrated edition of **The Perfumed Garden** *(Hamlyn, £9.95)*. A selection of penetration techniques culled from the Arabian erotic tradition. Glossily produced prose and pictures that are not all coy.

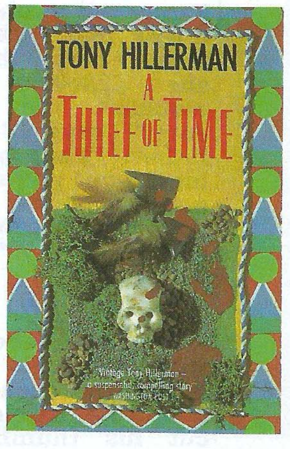

THE PERFUMED GARDEN
THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED EDITION
OF THE MASTERPIECE TRANSLATED BY SIR RICHARD BURTON

Words and pictures number two. **London's Dark** *(Escape/Titan, £3.95)* by James Robinson and Paul Johnson is a graphic novel, a blend of fact and supernatural fantasy set in World War II London. Familiar graphic novel concerns, the dark and nasty side of human nature are there – murderous spivs protecting their business interests like good capitalists should. But counterpoised against this is a love story, and in the end it's the love story which resonates the deepest.

Words and pictures number three is Jim Fitzpatrick's wonderful **The Silver Arm** *(Paper Tiger, £8.95)*. The old Irish tales of Celtic and pre-Celtic history, and the exploits of the Tuatha Dé Danann are rich in imagery and the magic of myth. This work is not merely an academic retelling of the battles between the Formor warriors and the Dé Danann, with heroes and villains like Lugh, Nuada and Balor – it's vibrant and alive. And that's just the text. The illustrations are an intriguing and colourful affair drawing on contemporary fantasy art as well as traditional Celtic designs. The combination of text and illustration is brilliant.



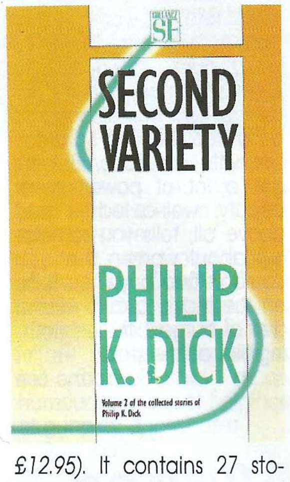
Detective and mystery stories have a long and noble pedigree. But if you think the genre's exhausted itself, I suggest you take a look at Tony Hillerman's **A Thief Of Time** *(Michael Joseph, £11.95)* – a whodunnit with extra added ingredients. An anthropologist doing field work about Anasazi clay pots disappears. Has she merely had an accident, been abducted, or is she involved in illegal pot trading? Joe Leaphorn and Jim Chee of the Navajo Tribal Police find themselves in the midst of a mystery that gets more and more complicated. Piecing the clues together and making sense of the emerging picture is no easy task when the pieces are scattered geographically over Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico and socially over white and Amerindian culture. It's fascinating reading and I almost worked out who did it!


TONY HILLERMAN
A THIEF OF TIME
'Vintage Tony Hillerman – a suspenseful, compelling story' WASHINGTON POST

Not many people know that in the bad old days, it took three dead elephant's worth of ivory to make a set of snooker balls. Norman Clare's **Billiards And Snooker Bygones** *(Shire, £1.75)* contains a wealth of things that you would probably not learn watching Messrs. Davis and co. potting the night away. History, origins, variations and paraphernalia associated with the green baize are discussed in loving detail.

America, a land where there's plenty of money but not much class? Sounds right to me. Lewis H Lapham's **Money & Class In America** *(Picador, £3.99)* is a discussion of America's civil religion – money. Satirical and hard hitting, it's a brilliant exposé of the poverty underlying a vacuous philosophy of wealth.

A quick mention for Volume 2 of the collected works of Philip K Dick: **Second Variety** *(Gollancz SF, £12.95)*. It contains 27 stories written in the space of eight months. Amazing output! What makes it all the more amazing is that there's no reliance on stock genre elements, each story is remarkably seasoned and individualistic – there's no sense of them having been churned out. As pointers to the talent which would later be unleashed, these are an enjoyable prolegomenon.



Kate Pullinger is a Canadian, who has made a name and reputation for herself on this side of the Atlantic with her stories and her readings thereof. **Tiny Lies** *(Picador, £3.99)* is a collection of short stories that have a tremendous amount of impact which is only partly explained by Pullinger's stark and striking style. In terms of words and structure her sentences are sparse, but they're suffused with a richness of meaning that is almost overpowering. The thematic link behind these twenty-odd stories is 'people trying to re-invent themselves, telling tiny lies to make their lives a little better and trying to find a way to their own identity.' Whether it's the girl who wonders if fucking the man from the underground in Battersea Power Station is a sufficient source of energy to fuel her body's needs, or whether it's a baby sitter stuck out in the frozen Canadian wastes comtemplating feeding children to a stuffed Moose, Kate Pullinger has the knack of making you see parts of yourself in the most unlikely of situations. It's uncomfortable and witty at the same time.

TiNY LiES
KATE PULLINGER

Charles Warren

Book Of The Month

Mr. John Harrison has a reputation for . . . some might say his vision is darker than the centre of a black hole. There certainly aren't many rib-ticklers in **The Committed Men** *(VGSF Classics, £3.50)*. But then a collapsing society, soaring radiation levels, exotic forms of cancer and scaly mutants being born all over the place isn't exactly sitcom territory. Having said that, there's still room for some light touches in this harrowing tale about what 'humanity' means. The mutants are regarded with horror by most of the surviving population and are stamped out with the same sort of vigour as in John Wyndham's *The Chrysalids*. The twist is, that if the future belongs to the new human mutants — and it does because they're born to cope with the atmosphere which is destroying the old style human — shouldn't they be preserved, rather than persecuted and killed?

The truth is recognised by some, by Dr Wendover, for instance, when he suddenly finds himself in the possession of one such mutant infant. He and some friends decide to take the baby to a place where a colony of mutants is known to be living. The journey is fraught with difficulties: villages full of crazed cancer cases, towns full of demented ex-bureaucrats with nothing left to administer and a countryside full of warmongering violence freaks. (*Sounds like Essex — Ed.*)

Charles Warren

Movies

Once again, the nudge-nudge brain of Blake Edwards is at work: this time, in his latest junkfood farce, **Skin Deep** with John Ritter (*Three's Company*). It's about a compulsive womaniser – a kind of bimboholic – who stumbles into a pack of pigeon-brained pretties, plus his psychiatrist, in his attempts to win back his weary wife.

And once again, director Edwards proves not only that it's unnecessary to think a story through just because you happen to have a script, but that he knows just what to do with a joke: put an apple in its mouth, trumpet its coming, then ram it down your throat. Repeatedly.

As Ritter snivels into his beer with bartender/agony uncle Vince Gardenia, who's the best thing in the film, you can see his problem: he's too lightweight to make self-pity remotely sympathetic, and not convincing as a man who has *mastery* of his mastery over these pin-ups. In fact, he's a bore. But then, that's perhaps what Edwards intended, because it all comes second to his dusty slapstick. In a series of stereotyped sketches, Ritter gets tangled up with aerobics-frenzied Amazons, a bull-necked Barbara the body-builder, and the stormy love life of an Aussie heavy metal rocker. His therapist is very fed-up, and intones: 'You can't cure the problem until you know what the problem is.' Woo. A bit of thoughtful, thudding music as he walks along the proverbial secluded beach and wham! He's Got It: between the eyes, his legs, and not only does he stop the booze, the broads and the bull, he writes a bestseller and gives a big party. The guy next to me stopped his scribbling and walked out.

So Edwards proves, once again, that the biggest sex organ is in the brain. Next time, maybe he'll take the condom off.

The Pope family (note the holy intimation) is, by Eighties standards, an unconventional one, because they're living by Sixties standards. As I said last month, the Sixties are now big business – the backlash of the conservative backlash? – and **Running On Empty** is yet another in the series of films celebrating the fact.

The parents bombed a government-funded napalm lab, unintentionally injuring a janitor who was inside. They've been on the run, living underground, from the FBI ever since. Judd Hirsch (*Taxi*) and Christine Lahti (*Housekeeping*) are the couple adept at changing their jobs, appearance and names at a moment's notice, along with their son, played by River Phoenix (*Stand By Me* and, soon, *Indiana Jones And The Last Crusade*). He's the focus here, and it's no wonder, since he's outstripped Michael J. Fox in the popularity stakes. Yuppies out, Sensitives back in. Don't wake me.

The radical family needs the safety of anonymity, becoming a caricature of middle class conformity. The problem arises when Phoenix, a musical genius, not only meets a young woman he finally wants to develop a relationship with, but is encouraged to do something with his talent. The family structure is the only success produced by the Pope's 'out of date' values, so one way or another, something's gotta tear.

What keeps this plot from blowing bubbles is veteran director Sidney Lumet, of *Serpico* and *Network* fame. His family is typical of his heroes: defiant, with their own code. There are no cliché traps, and the emotions are authentic, even if the storyline is occasionally forced.

Three Fugitives has almost everything going for its plot, a combination of the Three Stooges, *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid* (a reject copy of) and Shirley Temple rolled into one. Nick Nolte plays a veteran bank robber who's just been released from jail and is determined to go straight – not easy after a history of pulling fourteen jobs, but it's best if you just buy it. When he opens an account, legitimately, at a bank, he's taken hostage in a hold-up gone wrong by short Martin Short, the most bungling amateur imaginable. He's cadging cash for his six-year old daughter's school fees. Yes, believe it. What the police *can't* believe is the fact that Nolte's got nothing to do with this caper – and Nolte can't believe that this is any way to run a robbery.

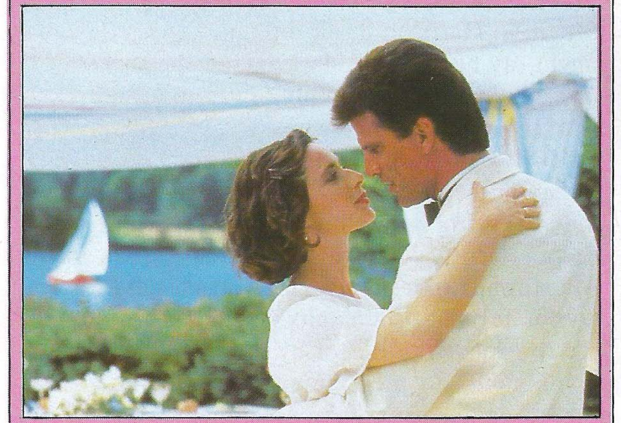
The casting of the round-shouldered straw of a guy – with a certain inept dignity – together with big, blond and brawny Nolte is inspired. Picture a terrier yapping around the heels of an oversized Labrador. *Three Fugitives* is forgettable, but at least you laughed before you forgot.

Mai Zetterling has been accused in her past films (*Night Games, Scrubbers*) of having a competent directing style alongside a too simplistic and stark look at life. When she's made her films in the U.K. or the U.S., that might or might not be fair. But when she's back in her native Sweden, she's on firm territory, and the result of the first feature she's done there for 17 years, **Amorosa**, is a splendid one. Zetterling has been an actress in many Bergman (as well as British) films, and her reputation as a screenwriter and novelist, too, is solid, but her knowledge of human nature, especially of women, is best put to use when she directs, bringing out the complexities in other people. *Amorosa*, based on her own script, is the story of the relationship between Agnes von Krusenstjerna, one of Sweden's most controversial writers, and her difficult and twisted husband David Sprengel, whose own reputation was that of a notorious pervert.

Beyond that, *Amorosa* doesn't have an easily drawn synopsis. What it explores is passion, the kinds of love that represses and unleashes, and a kind of madness between a man and a woman that can evolve from them. As you'd guess, the film is a substantial one, and it's not for the odd box of popcorn on a freewheeling Saturday out with the lads. But it's got a lot of power, great beauty, well-acted – and above all, tells you something about women that you couldn't find anywhere else on the movie circuit. After a diet of burgers, there's nothing like a little steak.

Sara-Jane Lee

Movie Of The Month



Cousins is the Americanised version of the French hit, *Cousin, Cousine,* which transformed adultery from a dark and dingy affair into a joyous thing which could be the beginning of a new, better life.

Fortunately, everyone concerned with this version left it that way. In this uncoupling of two couples — with affairs sprouting up every which way — a part spirit races through, and everything's simplified box-office style. It's all good-time stuff, with obnoxious mood-swelling music, where the carefree Ted Danson and beautiful Isabella Rossellini run around in loose pale linen and their success-seduced spouses, played by Sean Young and Willam Peterson, are tarted up in power suits and flashy outfits.

Lloyd Bridges co-stars with a kind of manic heartiness as Danson's father, who eventually hooks up with Rossellini's mother, who just buried her second husband, his brother. With me? Layers of *amore* everywhere.

Cousins is feelgood genre, but it's also right, and it's like licking ice cream off your lover on a hot day.

Sara-Jane Lee

Videos

After Bruce Willis as one of New York's finest in our months lead, we have no less than Robert De Niro to follow in **Midnight Run** (*CIC*).

To be accurate, Jack Walsh is an ex-cop. Once a member of the Chicago Police Department, he left after being framed by heroin baron Jimmy Serranto, who had the entire force on the payroll. Now Jack is a bounty hunter with the chance to retire on the proceeds on one last job. He has to find and bring in an accountant who has jumped $450,000 bail, and do it within five days, to collect a cool $100,000 reward. What's more, the task is rated a 'midnight run', or 'piece of piss' as the rest of us would say.

Inevitably, though, there are flies in the ointment. The FBI's Alonzo Moseley (Yaphet Kotto) doesn't want a bounty hunter bringing 'Duke' Mardukas in. He wants the accountant firmly in FBI custody, because the Duke was keeping the books for the Mob, meaning Serranto and his associates. The Mob don't want Mardukas testifying, for obvious reasons, and Serranto himself is really on the boil – the vanishing pen-pusher shoved off with umpteen million of his personal akkers.

So finding Jonathan Mardukas is the least of Walsh's problems. The man has claustrophobia, acrophobia (or was that agoraphobia?) and a morbid fear of flying, which means that they have to get from New York to LA by train. But close in tow are the FBI (with Moseley heavily hacked off by Walsh having nicked his ID and using it to pull off some embarrassing stunts), the Mob's hit-men and a rival bounty hunter.

Like a road movie version of the *Odd Couple*, sleazy Walsh and prissy Mardukas (Charles Grodin in fine nick) irritate one another across the States amid much humour and equal helpings of gunplay and chases.

As a buff's footnote: interesting to see that amidst all these cops, just for once Dennis Farina plays a baddy. Farina is, of course, a genuine one-time Chicago police officer!

Striking miners, heavily escorted gangs of scabs, fisticuffs escalating into major violence. No, it's not Orgreave in the early 80s, but America in 1920. Granted all the miners are wearing cloth caps, probably the easiest way to tell this at a glance is that the only copper is sticking up for the strikers . . .

The film is John Sayles' **Matewan** (*MGM/UA*), and a very fine one it is too. Well, I don't suppose you'd like it much if you were Norman Tebbit, but then if you *are* Norman Tebbitt, that's your problem. Although fictionalised, it is essentially a real story ('faction' they call it these days) about the West Virginian miners' fight for fair wages and conditions and the struggle of the US union movement to get off the ground in the face of company hired guns.

Joe Kenehan (Chris Cooper) knows he has a tough proposition on his hands when his train pulls up short of Matewan, Mingo County, to unload a group of black miners who are to be sneaked up to camp to strikebreak. But the strikers are lying in ambush, and fighting breaks out right alongside the railway tracks.

Joe knows what's going on. He's been sent by the union at the strikers' request to help them organise a branch. The owners, their strong-arm men and the strikers are all in the picture too, but stuck in the middle are black and Italian workers who thought they had simply been shipped in to work, not knowing they would be scab labour.

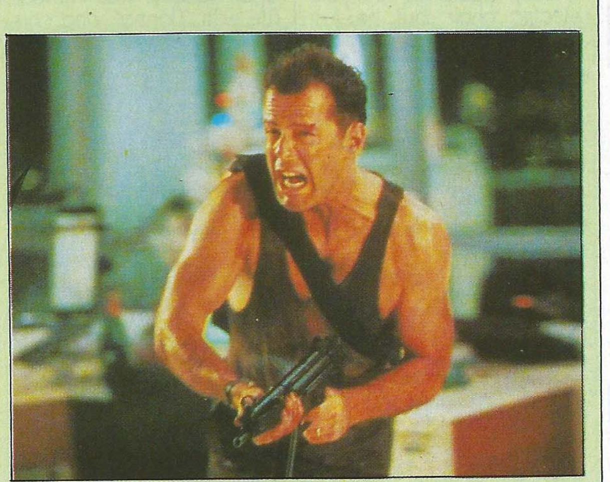
MGM/UA
MATEWAN
A Film Written & Directed by John Sayles
15
The Company Owns The Mines, The Houses The Shops And The Money.
But They Don't Own Us.

The strikers vote to join the union and, reluctantly at first, to accept that any blacks and Italians who join the strike should be welcomed into the fold too. In the light of company policy (falling pay – issued only as company 'scrip' – equipment deducted from their income and so on), the scabs follow the example of Few Clothes Johnson (James Earl Jones) and cast down their shovels at the picket line.

The company sure ain't taking all this lying down, though. They bring in 'The Baldwins', effectively a bent private posse, to goad the men into an unequal shoot-out. Despite all the efforts of pacifist Kenehan, when a 16-year-old miner's throat is cut by company men, the strikers decide enough is enough. The occasion of the town sheriff facing off against the hired guns' attempt at evictions without warrants offers all parties the chance for a latter day High Noon or OK Corral that would come to be known as the Matewan Massacre.

If the movie attracts any complaint, it is that the goodies might be thought

Video Of The Month



Some months you're hard pressed to justify a lead title at all, other months you wonder what to leave out in the cold. Of two witty high-action yarns run past the VCR for this issue, *Midnight Run* is edged out by the sheer pyrotechnics of **Die Hard** (*CBS/Fox*).

Bruce Willis of TV's *Moonlighting* plays a New York Cop who arrives in California to spend Christmas with his businesswoman wife and their two kids. Freshening up in a washroom in the multi-storey HQ of the Japanese company where his missus is an executive, John McClane is the only man in the building to escape being taken hostage when a group of heavily-armed terrorists streams from the lifts and holds the corporation's staff at gunpoint.

John has a problem. He had his shoes off at the time he had to scarper. Then he witnesses the company chairman being 'executed', makes a noise and tips off the baddies he's in the block — two problems. The phones are all out, the LAPD is useless, and the FBI are even more stupid. Say five problems. This is getting like the Monty Python Spanish Inquisition sketch.

What it boils down to is that McClane has to take out every last one of a dozen terrorists before thay can suss out that his wife is one of the hostages. Oooer! Don't you just *hate* it when the hero has to keep dangling in 30-storey-deep lift shafts? Ooo-*bleeding*-er!

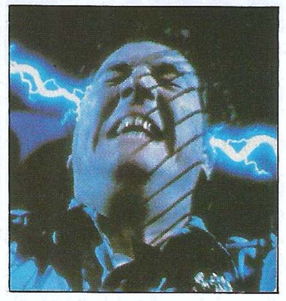
A little like *Invasion USA*, but with a touch more credibility and oodles more panache. Cracking.

Martyn Lester

to be painted a little too good and the baddies a little too bad, but one suspects that America 1920s style really was quite this grim. A well directed film by anyone's standards (from Sayles' own screenplay), but especially commended to fans of *Reds* and *The Grapes Of Wrath*.

One problem every director must have nightmares about is having one of their lead actors peg out before completion – remember that Golden Turkey *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, where the vampire ran around with a cloak over his face to double for the late Bela Lugosi?

Just such a disaster hit **The Chair** *(Medusa)*, which packed up shop for the winter intending to shoot the finale and special effects next spring, only for the key character, comedian James Coco, to die before the crew could reconvene. A very rich studio could have afforded to scrap the entire project or reshot from scratch, but one can hardly blame the producers of this relatively low-budget effort for doing what they did, which was to re-write the ending around their surviving actors. The trouble is that it shows.



The film is set in a decrepit prison (in fact, a real Civil War era nick near New York), where psychologist Doctor Langer (Coco) has been allowed to set up an experimental 'correction' program for young offenders which features piped birdsongs through the PA system, midnight feasts, free ghetto blasters and a series of therapy sessions.

The inmates play along with the Doc, on the grounds that he may be a berk but at least they're getting it easy. Warden Dwyer would much prefer to be handing out short sharp shocks, and thinks the shrink an even bigger fool than the cons do.

It's not too long before the Warden starts to see manifestations of eyeballs in the lightbulbs and hear a voice saying 'Don't go psycho on me Eddie', but he assumes he's just gone mad from the guilt of leaving the previous warden to be fried by rioting inmates many years before. Langer sees a ghastly figure in the old electric chair, but he just assumes he's gone mad too, having a history of seeing monsters on the quiet.

While these two hedge with the idea of telling each other what they've seen, the cons know damn well that something keeps giving them electric shocks during the night. They reach the conclusion that the Doc is a mad scientist trying out some form of sadistic aversion therapy on them. By the time the psychologist and the warden realise that the place is really haunted, it's too late to do anything – the prisoners have broken out and are looking for revenge. And so, come to that is the late Warden Callahan . . .

A reasonably entertaining piece of hokum with some decent effects, but one which inevitably loses its footing. Watch out, though for an excellent stint of loony Warden Dwyer (Paul Benedict), fighting it out with an entirely imaginary horde of rioters.

Just out on sell-through from *CBS/Fox* at £9.95 are *Mosquito Coast, Chariots Of Fire,* the classic *The Hustler* leading a Paul Newman quintet and five features starring Joan Collins. Who . . .?

Martyn Lester

Records

Continuing the CD collections series this month are re-issues of Fleetwood Mac and 10cc material.

Fleetwood Mac first with **Fleetwood Mac – The Blues Collection** *(Castle)*. Over an hour and a quarter of live material recorded in 1970 including chart material such as 'Green Manalishi' and 'Oh Well'. Line-up for this incarnation of the group (it was the third line-up since the band formed in July 1967) included Peter Green (on his last recorded concert performance with the group), Danny Kirwan and Jeremy Spencer all on guitar/vocals with Mick Fleetwood on drums and John McVie on bass. The result – classic, serious, mind-bending R&B miles removed from the softer supergroup soporifics like *Rumours* and *Tusk*.

Second CD this month is **The 10cc Collection** *(Castle)*. 10cc adopted their name in 1972, five years after Fleetwood Mac were launched. Chart success was immediate with 'Donna', and continuous throughout the rest of the 70s. This CD is actually the first two 10cc albums *10cc* and *Sheet Music*. Twenty tracks in all, five of which were hit singles, including their first number one – the intelligent and commercial 'Rubber Bullets'.

All the way from Puerto Rica via New York comes **SA – Fire** *(Cutting/Mercury)* from a girl with the looks of a model. She started out with success in Latin/dance charts but has since crossed over and started doing damage to the American pop charts. As you'd expect, her music's bouncy, hard edged, electronic dance oriented pop that has great appeal for the European disco scene.

Not having come across IQ before, but having been lead to believe that they were a bunch of HM yobs, I was thumbing through my thesaurus looking for some meaty insults when I made the mistake of playing their album **Are You Sitting Comfortably?** *(Squawk)*. And it's superb. Thoughtful, idiosyncratic, gentle rock music with tuneful guitar and keyboard work, intriguing percussion and a scope which is epic. They skirt both AOR and stadium rock and mix it with something much more unearthly.

IQ
Are You Sitting Comfortably?

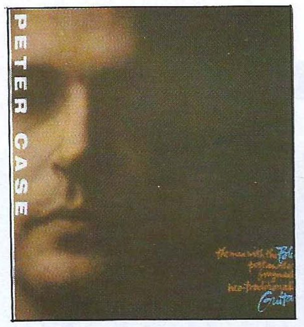
Latin Quarter's third LP **Swimming Against The Stream** *(RCA)* is a worthwhile effort on all fronts. Musically, the pop tunes and arrangements are pleasant and inventive. Steve Skaith's lead vocals and Yona Dunsford's backing vocals compliment each other beautifully. Production is exceptional. The lyrics, meanwhile, go beneath the surface and address themselves to just about everything on the political agenda. Melodic tub-thumping – can't be bad.

'Well, it's a nice bit of heritage with an electric gate/you tell her: Darling this is a happy man's estate' are the sardonic opening lyrics on 'Too Late Now' off The Oyster Band's **Ride** *(Cooking Vinyl)*. There's plenty of first-rate folk-rock songs about matters of social disgrace like poverty (whoops, nearly forgot, poverty doesn't exist any more – source, in case anyone's forgotten: Mr John Moore, Department of Social Security and Semantic Trickery) which are counter-balanced by good ol' bashes like 'New York Girls'. The album finishes on an unexpected note with the New Order number 'Love Vigilantes'. As a collection, the songs and the band (Chopper's electric cello deserves singling out for praise – it's unobtrusive, but very effective) are refined and polished.

oyster band
ride

Computers and emotional instrumental music still don't seem to go together in most people's minds. A useful antidote to that particular prejudice is Brian Chatton's **Spellbound** *(MMC)*. His pedigree is impressive, having played with Phil Collins, Jon Anderson and Eric Burdon as well as contributing numerous sessions. This, his second solo album, explores rich instrumental areas without sacrificing any emotion to technology.

Peter Case's new album sold itself to me on the name alone **The Man With The Blue Post-Modern Fragmented Neo-Traditionalist Guitar** *(Geffen)*. Brilliant or what? This is a much more accomplished set than his last album. His acoustic guitar work slides between folk, blues, country and rock with seductive ease. He uses an impressive array of musicians and instruments to back him: Ry Cooder on stereo electric guitar, Los Lobos' David Hidalgo, T-Bone Burnett. Singling tracks out is a bit unfair, 'cos there ain't a duff one here. But 'Poor Old Tom' with it's strong story line and trad. guitar picking is a bit special.



Joe Jackson's career has taken many turns, and not always with the obvious intention of scoring commercial success to the fore, even though commercial success has often followed. Remember the post – It's Different For Girls swing outfit, Jumpin' Jive? **Blaze Of Glory** *(A&M)* is his latest refusal to be neatly pigeonholed. There's some jazz influence, some lush nods towards Hollywood in the appropriately titled 'Sentimental Thing', and a whole bunch of good old ass-kicking rock.

Wailing guitars and solid rock kick off Richard Marx's second album **Repeat Offender** *(EMI USA)*. It's an appropriate scene setter for this AOR rocker from across the water. If you caught the single 'Satisfied' when it came out back in June you'll know what to expect from the album – hard rhythms, jangly guitars and the sort of vocals that justify his being voted Best New Male Singer in *Rolling Stone's* Readers' Poll a couple of years back. Very much the acceptable face of American rock.

Andy Oldfield

Record Of The Month

The Triffids present
THE BLACK SWAN

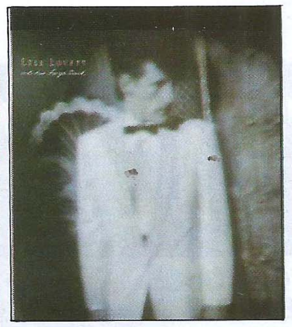
The most welcome import from Australia apart from some decent lagers (one of which of course comes from Perth's very own Black Swan brewery) is The Triffids. **The Black Swan** *(Island)* is the latest atmospheric vehicle for David McComb's vocal and songwriting talents. Most of the tracks are penned by him with help from other band members, and Jill Birt gets a chance to do some lead vocals on melodic rock numbers like "Goodbye Little Boy" and "Good Fortune Rose".

The style is varied. "Falling Over You" with its surreal, trippy rap. "American Sailors" direct, short and evocative, which along with "Too Hot To Move, Too Hot To Think" seems uniquely and essentially Australian. Elsewhere, Blues, country, tango-inspired key signatures and the use of an operatically trained Mexican, Rita Mendez on "Bottle Of Love", all contribute to the effect. And the effect is not stylistic confusion, there's unity underlying the diversity and the unifying factor is that unquantifiable quality which is . . . The Triffids. According to McComb: 'We have difficulty pledging allegiance to one flag or one style . . . The Triffids should leave an emotional trademark rather than a stylistic one.' I'll drink to that.

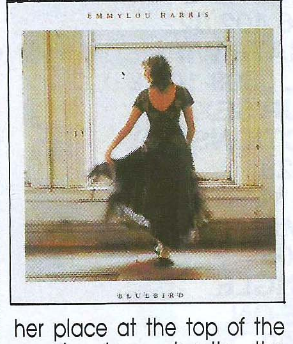
Andy Oldfield

Those of a nervous disposition should turn over right now – because it's country album round-up time! *BGO Records* (from the owners of the Andy's Records shop chain) are now second only to the Edsel/Demon stable in their re-release track record. Latest gem from the past dates from 1973: the wonderful **The Adventures Of Panama Red** from The New Riders Of The Purple Sage. Originally a Grateful Dead off-shoot in 1970, by '73 they were halfway through their lifespan and flew the flag for country rock after Gram Parsons and The Byrds had popularised the style. This, their fourth LP, is a crazy caper through some country cliches; the lyrics rhyme 'snortin' coke' with 'smoking dope' on the marvellous 'Lonesome L.A. Cowboy' – other outstanding songs include 'You Should Have Seen Me Runnin'' and the title track.

Lyle Lovett has a surprise or two up his sleeve on **Lyle Lovett & His Large Band** *(MCA)*. Side one is pure swing – with a few flavours of jazz and blues but no good old country – that does not surface until Side Two. The quality, though, is consistently high throughout; with a tear-jerkin' version of 'Stand By Your Man' being my favourite.



If you want some serious tear-jerking, though, then Emmylou Harris is for you: **Bluebird** *(WEA)* makes sure that Emmylou, now a true veteran, is not surrendering her place at the top of the country tree, despite the proliferation of fine female singers these days. There are no kick-up-your-heels rock and roll numbers here, unlike her early albums, but there are some beautifully sung and arranged versions of songs by Johnny Cash, John Hiatt and Rodney Crowell, as well as Emmylou's own songs – her voice has rarely sounded better.



Emmylou's former sidekick Rodney Crowell is a big solo star now – and **Diamonds And Dirt** *(CBS)* confirms his status; it's a tough, rocky country album that has a few low points but plenty more highlights. Don't expect anything too original, and you'll enjoy this one with a smile on your face rather than a tear in your eye . . .

Rodney's father-in-law Johnny Cash is a genuine country colossus – but after hearing all this new young blood his old songs do sound a little . . . flat and lifeless. Sorry if that's sacrilege – but it's honest. Still, **Classic Cash** *(Mercury)* will doubtless please his fans; with twenty songs crammed in, including 'Get Rhythm', 'Ring Of Fire', 'Tennessee Flat Top Box' and 'Cry, Cry, Cry'. It's all enjoyable in a good old-fashioned sing-a-long style, but it belongs to another age.

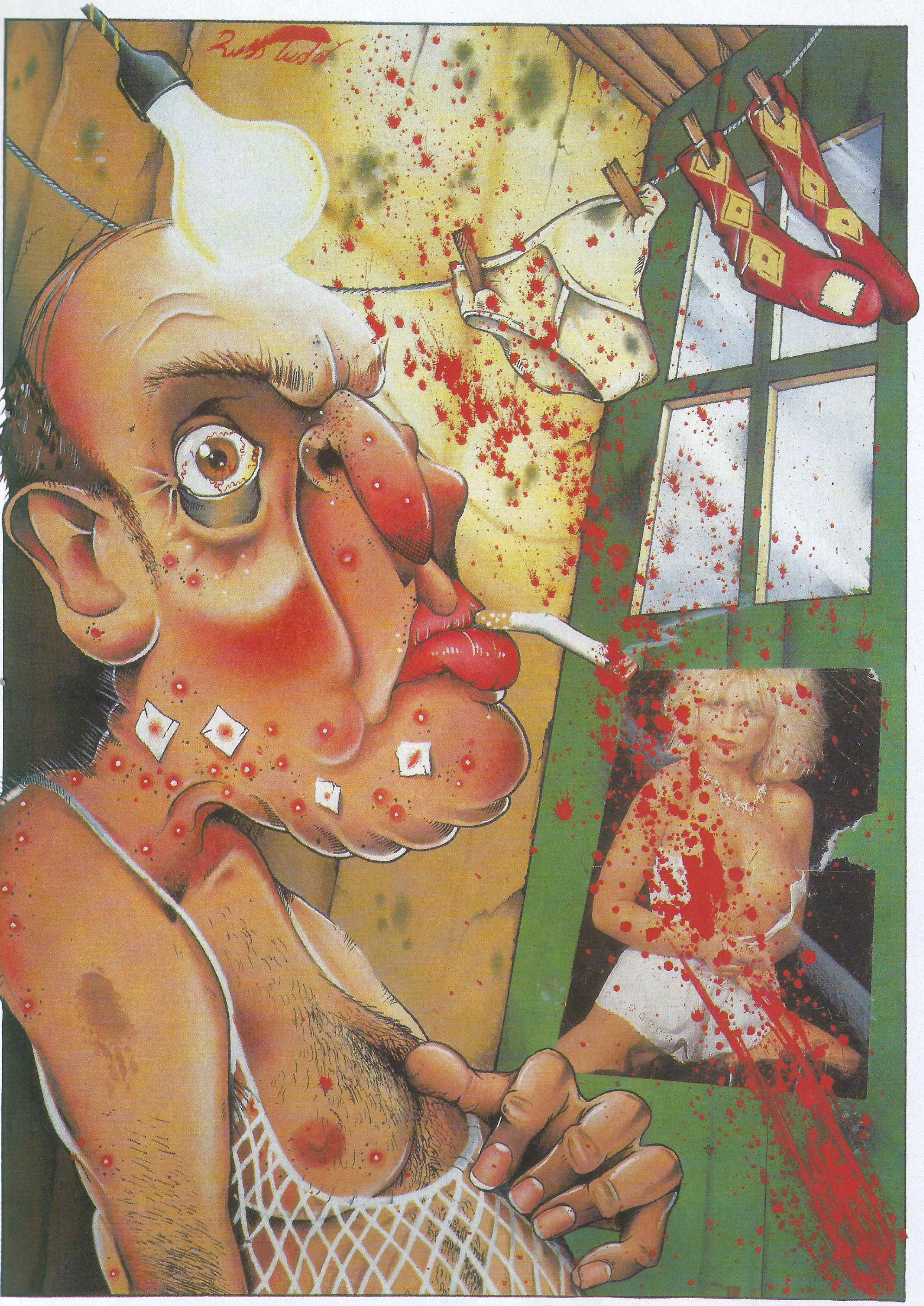
JOHNNY CASH
Classic Cash

Rupert Metcalf

THEOLA

Here we are again, in the now legendary Galaxy garden. After Theola's last outing on the chintz sofa in Vol. 21 No. 4, I had expected another visit to Habitat. It's a shame, because last time, the shop manager was so flustered at the sight of Theola reclining on his stock that I got a great deal of discount on a set of pine scatter cushions. But no, "Let's do it in the garden," she whispered. Unfortunately, the presence of the photographer meant I couldn't show Theola my enormous cacti . . .

Photographed by Nick Gurgul



Illustrations by Russ Tudor

THE MATCHSTICK MAN

Is it art imitating life, or the other way around? A killer dubbed The Matchstick Man, a struggling artist with a bile problem and a sweaty climax are the elements to watch out for in this short story by AUSTIN WELCH.

Katrina. Yeah — Katrina's a good way to keep up the momentum. *Put your hands together for the man of the moment . . .* Or Deborah. She's the one with the engaging smile, big personality and tits to match.

You take a last drag on the shrivelled rollie and scratch your bare chest, calmly contemplating your catastrophic body. Your underpants have seen better days and your big toe stands proudly erect through your right sock. She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed told you to make sure you always had clean pants and good socks in case you got run over, but she forgot to tell you how to make it happen.

Here you are, then — lying on your stinking pit of a bed in your cadaverous bedsit. Above your head, the ageing centrefold is peeling away from the wall at the same rate as the wallpaper. Odds on which'll reach the floor first.

continued on page 77

THE MATCHSTICK MAN

continued from page 75

“The lager tastes like wallaby piss and he's given you a tube of camel shit to suck on.”

It's six o'clock now and you're shuffling along the street towards where *she* is. Your arm aches with the absurdity of your portfolio. You spot one of them on the other side of the road climbing out of his phallic symbol and lower your eyes, praying that he won't see you.

“Frankie!”

Oh fuck . . .

“Haven't seen you for a while.”

“Haven't been out much,” you suggest.

“Give you a lift anywhere?”

No — you're going to Hell and I've already been.

“No, thanks. I'm only going as far as the Poly.”

“How's about a beer, then?”

How's about you fuck off and die?

“Haven't got time.”

“Make time,” he jeers, “ a quick half and then I'll give you a lift up to the Tech. Be there by seven, easy.”

The lager tastes like wallaby piss and he's given you a tube of putrid French camel-shit to suck on. You're going to be sick . . .

“So how've you been?” he asks. Does he really give a toss? “Everyone's been asking about you.”

“Alright, I suppose.” You don't really want to talk about it. It all happened to someone else, a long time ago.

“Well, you're looking okay.”

“Yeah,” you reply, and almost sneer.The place reeks of the bitter irony in your voice, but he pretends not to notice.

Any second now . . .

“We all went up West last weekend.”

“Right.”

Here it comes.

“Up Piccadilly for a . . . Oh, for fuck's sake! Oh, Jesus — you dirty bastard — look at my fucking clothes!”

I'm sorry . . . ” *And here's an extra lumpy bit just for you, you smug bastard!*

“You could have said something!” He's mopping puke off his designer jumper and you're trying your best not to piss yourself. The day is looking up.

A fat, balding creature in a ridiculous t-shirt is waddling in your direction, brandishing his bar-cloth like a hand-grenade.

“Get it cleaned up!” he squeals like the pig he is, “Get it bleedin' cleaned up and then piss off out of it!”

He grabs you by your hair and pulls you from your seat.

“Bleedin' dope-'eads. Why don't yer all fuck off down the river and drown yerselves?”

Then he hits you.

They always seem to end up hitting you.

The next thing you know, you're lying on the pavement with your face in a plastic box containing a half-eaten Big Mac. It does nothing for your constitution and you retch again.

As usual, Debbie's mammaries are in fine form. Even when she's at rest. they seem to have a life of their own. *Left, right, left, right . . .*

Clueless of a goal, you touch the virgin page with your pastel, wallowing in the defilement, then freeze as an idea strikes.

Apart from the chest-luggage, Deborah doesn't move about much.

Do her. Like you did the others.

A nude study of a suburban Venus. A dole-queue Botticelli.

You can do it if you shift.

She takes form, bleeding over the cartridge paper. Inside you, the longing grows, gnawing at your gut like a cancer.

Deborah becomes Katrina. Katrina becomes The Nameless Girl From Sainsbury's Who Screamed A Lot. Who then phases back to Deborah. You've got a hard-on. Good thing you're at the back of the room. No-one there to see it but the old bloke painting cows shitting on buttercups.

That night, at home, you stare at the clumsy sketch as you massage your cock with your free hand. Deborah smiles back from the paper, inviting you to cover her with your seed.

Come on, Frankie — give it to me . . .

It's getting more urgent now and the crumpled sheet falls to the cold floor as you swing around into the final lap.

Shove it in me . . .

Make me come . . .

When it finally happens, you don't know whether to laugh or cry. It seeps over your belly like a lava flow, hot and unmerciful.

Two thirty-seven and still the blessing of sleep evades you. You count the cracks in the ceiling. You count the faces in the battered wardrobe's grain. You count the scuffs on the wall where you punched and kicked as they manhandled you out. In desperation, you count the seconds to daybreak when you should be dropping back into your place in humanity.

Forced back, more like.

It's a cold afternoon for September and the clouds hang over you in a cruel parody of a shroud.

Yesterday at college, you were advised to take your pad and sketch characters.

“Find the real persona and bare it on the page,” sang the invertebrate Child-Of-The-Seventies with breath that smelled vaguely of baked beans.

That's why, you told yourself, you were sitting over a tepid cup of coffee watching a waitress with all the statistics of an inflatable dinghy.

“Finished, love?”

continued on page 79

THE MATCHSTICK MAN

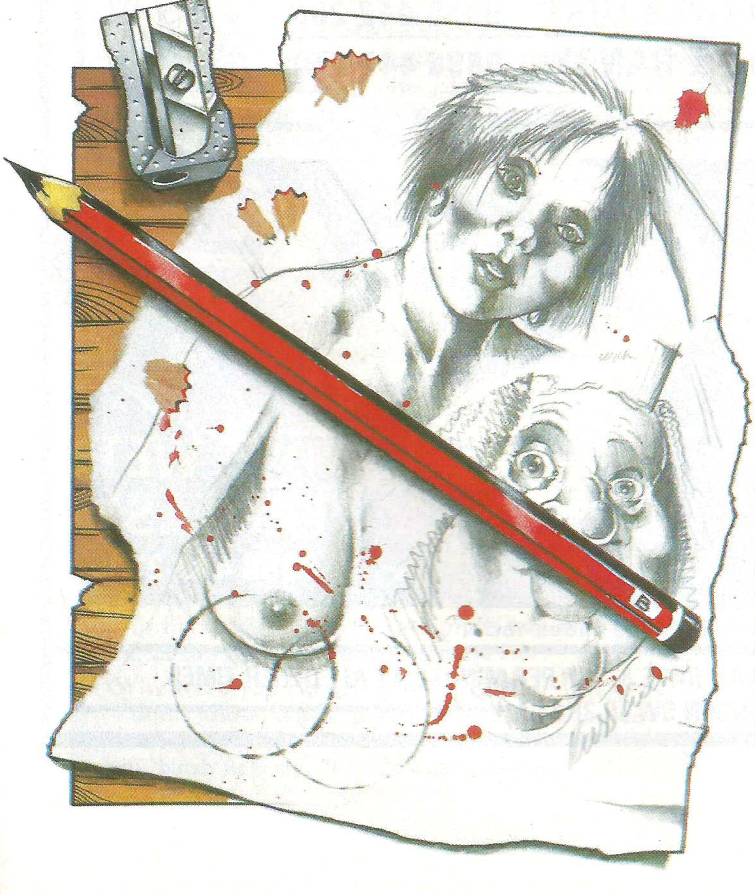
continued from page 77

"Um — not yet." You try to smile weakly and, to your surprise, she returns the grimace.

Too late, the trap's been sprung — she's next on the agenda. The small pad comes out (she's not quite worth the A3), and the pencil works feverishly across its breadth. She eyes you suspiciously over the formica. Even her eyelids seem to ripple with excess flab.

Oh no — here we go again. The pressure builds up in your head as you scribble frantically. Your left hand sneaks beneath the grimy table to force the pulsing erection into a more comfortable position in your trousers (like a prisoner stretching in his cell). You giggle at the analogy and she glares at you.

The anonymous blob on the page transmutes into the one behind the counter and you jump as the door swings open to admit a youth of around sixteen with an anger about his eyes.



The woman begins to quake and, for a moment, you think she's going to explode. You revel in the fear in her face. You'd see that later when the time came.

"'Ullo, Ma." Says the youth, not letting his eyes wander from yours for an instant, "Quiet in 'ere."

"Wot you want, Vince?" she responds feebily. It's obvious that this is not a happy reunion. "I got no money."

It's difficult to believe that this swaggering wart and the sweating mound are related.

He leans across the counter. "What not even a tenner for yer own kid?" While the eyes hold his prey, the hand snakes out and opens the ageing cash register, deftly snatching up the meagre paper within.

"Give it back, yer little bastard!" squeals The Blob, fear suddenly giving way to uncertain rage.

Vince looks at you and smiles his ghastly smile.

"Don't do it to yerself, Ma," he sneers, skulking to the door, "Yer'll give yerself an 'eart-attack . . . "

Even after he's gone, his anger remains, filling the room like a fine mist.

There's a note under your door. *"Ring Deborah . . . "*

Your gut turns a double somersault.

Breep-breep, breep-breep . . .

"Hello?"

"It's me . . . Frankie . . . Frank Garman."

The hallway is dimly lit by the bare twenty-five watts of bulb, but you can still see your breath turn to fog.

"I got a note."

There's silence at the other end, then —

"You were sketching me in class."

You feel as though you have to defend yourself. "I like to do studies of people when they aren't watching."

"Can I see it?"

You remember the crumpled semen-stained wreck by your bed and smile. "I don't think you'd like it . . . it's not very good."

By now, you know she's laughing at you. Probably got a couple of friends listening in on another extension. You put another coin in the slot.

"I've already seen some of your stuff. You left your bag open once. It's got something. I like it."

I bet you do . . .

"I could do another one if you like." you offer. "After Thursday's session. Day after tomorrow."

She giggles like a schoolgirl and you know now that she's taking the piss.

"I won't be there on Thursday," she says finally, "what about tonight?"

Ah — this is it. The Great Seduction. (With bells on . . .)

You feel uncomfortable because it never happens this way. It's never this easy. "Where?"

"Anywhere you like. I don't mind."

"I could meet you or . . . you could come here."

"I'll come to you."

Your mouth is dry. "Do you know the address?"

She knows without checking. She's planned this whole thing. "104c Chichester Road."

"Right," you say as warmly as you can, "about eight then."

Back inside, you survey your squalor with unprecedented hatred. Strangely, your surroundings seem alien to you, as though someone else lives there.

In the background, your radio, resurrected (courtesy of the DHSS and Mr Patel — in that order), adds to the emergence of the new you. That's it — it's all going to change from here on in. The past is gone and there's nothing you can do to change it. Think only of the present and the future. You'll get a job, maybe. There's always places for a gifted artist, finished or otherwise.

continued on page 81

Brook
Serena &

"Get a Bird's Eye view of this pair," leered the Art Editor. And I must say I was quite impressed, as I cast my gaze over the pictures of Brook and Serena as they re-enacted the Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner. It isn't often that you get to see such perfect tackle. Incidentally, Brook is the blonde lady, and Serena the brunette. As Sir Gutto the gross Editor so rightly slurred, "Catching this pair would be better than a slap in the face with a wet kipper."

Photographed by Glenn Morales

83 ◄

another man for sex, highly erotic.

After that episode I have had other men and situations. I had a good time while it lasted, I satisfied my curiousity and fulfilled more than a few fantasies. If your readers are interested I'll send some details in about the other things I got up to. — *Mrs R., Plymouth.*

Top to Bottom

Can we please see more girls wearing the kind of clothes modelled by Daisy, Vol. 21 No. 2. I loved that short lacy blouse she wore, it really emphasised her curvy bum. I quite fancy getting one for my girlfriend, please could you tell me where you bought it? — G. Kelly, Montrose.

The blouse wasn't actually bought, as such. It was hired out to us by the drunken Editor of Fester (Fiesta, I mean), who made it himself. He's a dab hand at needlework. Needles the hell out of me, anyway. — Ed.

Rubbed Off

Like most women, usually, I keep my secrets to myself, but this one gets me so horny, I just have to share it with your readers

Last summer, I began going for evening walks in the area near to where I live. I met several interesting people through this, one of whom was a young man called Paul. We saw each other several times, and he would always stop for a chat. Then one night he asked me if I'd like to go for a drink. I accepted, and naturally, as we saw more of each other, things progressed in the direction of the bedroom.

Although younger than myself, Paul is good looking, and more importantly, has something in common with me — he likes rubber. I enjoy unconventional sex, and was only too willing to join in with Paul. Usually, we just dressed up in rubber, and fucked each other on his huge water bed, whilst watching dirty videos that featured rubber wear.

But the most exciting session was when I wore a zip up rubber mini-skirt, and thigh high rubber boots, with matching long gloves. Paul had on a pair of skin tight rubber trousers. He had a fantasy about having a woman rub her cunt on his back, which he had admitted to me previously after he'd seen me riding my horse. This gave me an idea, and I made him lie on his stomach while I sat on his back, and slowly ground my rubber clad cunt and bum up and down, the sight of his tight buttocks straining against his rubber trousers making my pussy slick with juices.

I didn't realise just how turned on Paul was by this, until he jumped up, flipping me onto my back in the process, pulled off his trousers and rubbed his rampant cock up and down my latex skirt, till he shot his load up my stomach and onto my tits. This in turn brought me to orgasm, as I fingered myself madly within the tight confines of my skirt.

Since then, we've tried many different positions, and played many games, but this one seems to be Paul's favourite. I only hope it inspires some of your other readers to experiment with their sex lives. — *S.Y., Cornwall.*

Living In The Past

Please could you do me a favour. In your position as Editor, please could you trace Knave girl Mandy Moore. I fell in love with her a long time ago. Tell us where she is, and, if possible, give us another nude photo set of her. But please don't tell me she's a fat, Volvo driving wife!

With regard to Vol. 20 No. 8, the gorgeous little blonde called Desiree is really Blondie Bee from the naughty film circuit in California. I saw her in a film in Paris last year. She is as good as she looks. On Tony Crawley's John Holmes article, I read recently that Holmes died of AIDS, which he allegedly acquired from using dirty needles during drug abuse. Did you hear if the girls in his last film — Amber Lynn and Tracey Adams — are okay? I hope so. — M.P., *Leighton Buzzard.*

As far as Mandy goes, the last word we heard, she was driving a Wartburg. And, to the best of our knowledge, Amber and Tracey are still alive and kicking. Or should that be sucking? — Ed.

My Husband and I

I am happily married, so hubby and I do not withhold secrets from one another, we like our sex and like it often; especially me, the more men the merrier.

This Easter we went on a fortnight's holiday to Spain, and arriving at the hotel we went straight to our room and clambered into bed, too tired to unpack after the long journey. As it was past midnight we had decided to go to sleep and make an early start the following day. After lying in the dark for a few moments, we heard sexy noises coming from the room next door — the girl was unmistakably having a wonderful multiple orgasm. We were

► 93

THE SEARCH FOR A STAR!

The Quest Continues! We're always on the lookout for girls to become Knave Amateur Models. If you like the idea, then simply fill in the form at the end of this section, and send it, along with some photos of yourself — at least two full nude, front and back views — to the address on the form.

INTRODUCING OUR AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH . . .

Mary

"Who's that odd man, over there in the cage?" asked Mary Dickson, after seeing the XS Editor's lair. It's not the best way to introduce an Amateur Model to life at Galaxy, but you can't gloss over the things. When not adorning the pages of your fave magazine, Mary works for one of the larger DIY stores, in charge of customer care. We all found it hard to grasp the fact that Mary's job was to ensure you were happy, when all the time you were supposed to be doing it yourself! (*You make me sick! – Ed.*)

Photographed by James Freeman

MODELS WANTED!

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date Photos Taken ....

Signature ....

Send to: K.A.M.F., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premiers a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!